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STRACHEY: Marxism Revisited

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Time to Dismiss the Soldiers

THE week's events at Panmunjon show that the hopes raised by Chou En-lai's suggestions for a settlement of the Korean War are still far from fulfilment. It was as a result of the Chinese Premier's statement of March 30 that the truce talks have been reopened. Yet, when the North Korean delegate put forward at Panmunjon proposals exactly in line with Chou En-lai's suggestions, they were dismissed by General Harrison as unreasonable and unconstructive. Then, in face of North Korean rejection of Swiss supervision—and the Swiss were no more likely to be acceptable to the Communists than the Poles to the Americans—General Harrison inquired what neutral Power would be acceptable to them; and General Nam Il suggested a neutral Asian Power. If this is taken to mean India or Pakistan or Burma or Indonesia or a combination of all four, we can see no reason why it was not acceptable. General Harrison's prompt rejection of all Asian countries, on the ground that they were too exposed to Communist China, amounts to sabotage of the negotiations.

The remaining problem of substance concerns the duration and situation of the Limbo into which the prisoners who do not insist on immediate repatriation are to be sent. Here there is much more force in the American arguments. The logistical problem of moving by sea, as the North Koreans have suggested, tens of thousands of recalcitrant prisoners to a strange country is, to put it mildly, considerable. Moreover, the agreement of any of the acceptable neutrals to receive such a large contingent of awkward guests is highly problematic. Chou En-lai's original proposal was "to hand over the remaining prisoners to a neutral State." These words leave ambiguous the question of a physical move. Surely the more sensible arrangement, and one which would meet the substance of Chou En-lai's proposal, would be to neutralise the camp zones by the withdrawal of U.S. and South Korean troops and to place the responsibility for the security and safety of the prisoners, in their present zones, on the neutral Power.

The general temper and tempo of the week's negotiations, however, are already ominously reminiscent, of the long drawn out debates of last year; they prompt very real doubts whether purely military negotiators are best fitted to bring them to a successful conclusion. In the past the strongest argument for allowing the soldiers to take full responsibility has always been that, in the isolation of the battlefield, they might succeed in coming to a local agreement with their professional colleagues on the other side, undisturbed by the political tensions which had reduced the U.N. to little more than a propaganda platform in the cold war. The actual conduct of negotiations never endowed this argument with a great deal of conviction, but even so there was little reason to suppose that the politicians would do much better.

Today that situation is reversed. On both sides of the iron curtain the cold war seems to have lessened in severity. The warming words—or some of them—have been spoken, and the world, half paralysed with fear of atomic war, is waiting expectantly for relief. Panmunjon has again become the critical spot. The truce talks, no longer the ray of hope in a dark world, are the cloud which mars the dawn. For no lasting accommodation can be even attempted between the two halves of the world until the fighting war is ended.

Are the soldiers, either by instinct or training, capable of overcoming this crucial difficulty? The responsibility of General Mark Clark and his Army Commander is, after all, primarily a military one, which may not at all points be compatible with the political initiative for which the world is waiting. Moreover, the American Far East Command is still, to a greater extent than is generally realised, tinged with the colours of General MacArthur and Chiang Kai-shek: it has chosen this week to make a highly provocative offer to deserters arriving in S. Korea with M.I.G.s. Finally, General Clark must always be conscious that the biggest element in his fighting strength has for some time been the South Korean army. He, if any man, must be sensitive to the bellicose importunities of Syngman Rhee and his corps of officers.

All these factors tell against the soldiers

—to say nothing of their past lack of success. The world cannot now afford an unnecessary risk or an acquiescence in failure. It is high time for the politicians to take over the peace talks and give public recognition to the fact that the ending of the cold war awaits a success at Panmunjon.

Russian Reactions

The general tenour of *Pravda's* reply to President Eisenhower may be summarised thus: "No, we will not have pre-conditions laid down for us by America before discussion begins; the pre-conditions put forward by the President are the very things we have to bargain about. We are ready to begin discussions on equal terms. Are you?"

As an exercise in psychological warfare, the article merits high marks: the debating points are effective enough. It emphasises the inconsistency between President Eisenhower's appeal for international peace and (a) the enormous Defence programme—particularly the threats of atomic war—to which the U.S. (its economy geared to arms production) is committed, and (b) the last bellicose speech of Mr. Dulles, architect of a "liberation" policy which the President did not disavow. It is more profitable, however, to examine the article for detailed indications of the policy which the U.S.S.R. has in mind.

First, inevitably, come the negative assertions. Thus, e.g., it would be wrong to suppose that the Soviet Government means to change a foreign policy which, Moscow argues, has been consistently pacific: the recent renewed "appeal for peaceful regulation of controversial questions" was not the result of the "so-called firm policy" of the U.S.; threats by the U.S. will not achieve any success against the U.S.S.R. Russia will not accept any solution to the German problem which neglects the national aspirations of the German people or the interests of Germany's neighbours, or which treats West Germany as a weapon in a "dynamic foreign policy"—regardless of the existence of the Potsdam Agreement. Equally, there can be no settlement in the Pacific which leaves out of account China's rights in connection with the U.N. and the recovery of Formosa. The Soviet Union, in Asia, is no more ready to "impede the liberation movement of colonial and semi-colonial peoples," than it is, in Central and Eastern Europe, to "interfere in order to restore reactionary regimes." As for what may be termed global questions, the U.S.S.R. is not prepared to assent to the U.N. being turned into an agency for American policy, nor to co-operate in any "World Aid Fund" so long as the possibility of American political strings remains.

None of this gives any warrant for wishful thinking that the Soviet Union is preparing to "beat a retreat," or that bridging the gulf between American and Russian views will be easy. There are, however, two passages in the article which may be said to have constructive content. There is, first, the declaration of the readiness of the Soviet Union "to entertain serious and businesslike discussions." Secondly, there is the statement that, if President Eisenhower is sincere in desiring the peaceful coexistence of the "two worlds," then "proposals which *de facto* aim at peace can serve as the basis for important international relationships." The inference would seem to be that while the U.S.S.R. does not rate highly the chances of discussions aimed at a grandiose, all-embracing settlement of differences, it is prepared realistically to negotiate a practical solution at points of friction—beginning, say, with Korea and proceeding, perhaps *via* Austria, to Germany.

Western Defence—

When the fourteen North Atlantic Treaty governments announced, at the conclusion of the Council's meeting in Paris last week-end, that they had agreed on a programme for a "notable" (but unspecified) increase in Western defence forces this year, the vagueness of the communiqué was probably due less to their desire to outwit Russian Intelligence than to uncertainty with regard to the prospects of a German contribution. The Council apparently attached chief importance to strengthening the effectiveness of the 25 standing and 25 reserve divisions nominally at General Ridgway's disposal; and decisions seem to have been taken to go full steam ahead with the "infrastructure" programme—airfields, naval bases, port facilities and so forth. But though the communiqué duly re-emphasised the need to build up a European Defence Community in the light of "the continuing threat" represented by "the huge and constantly strengthened military force" on the other side of the Iron Curtain, the Council must have been wondering with some concern how to interpret the latest moves at Bonn.

—and Germany

On Friday of last week, the Bundesrat dodged a direct vote for or against ratification of the E.D.C. Treaties by passing a motion that the Constitutional Court should first be asked for an advisory opinion whether the Treaties could be approved by a simple majority in Parliament and whether an affirmatory vote of the Bundesrat were required for all, or only some, of their clauses. The Court, it was proposed, should be approached jointly by both Houses of Parliament and the Government. Faced with this fresh setback, Dr. Adenauer appears to have toyed with the idea of by-passing the Bundesrat and requesting the President to sign the E.D.C. Bills on the strength of the Bundestag's vote alone—a course whose constitutional correctness would have been doubtful, and which the Social-Democrats strongly opposed. Eventually the Chancellor decided, first, to submit the Bundesrat's motion to the Bundestag—which will doubtless turn it down—and then to remit the E.D.C. Bills once more to the Bundesrat. This time, the Upper House can hardly avoid a direct vote; and, unless, in the meantime, the Coalition *Land* Government in Baden-Württemberg is replaced by one further to the Right, the issue remains in doubt.

French Elections

Commentators in the British press have tended to depict the results, so far, of the municipal elections in France as portending the "collapse" of Gaullism. A truer picture, we believe, is that the voting was influenced profoundly by the success which Monsieur Pinay had had in demonstrating that, up to a point, a Conservative government, supported by the banks, the industrial bourgeoisie and the big farmers, could "work." With this encouragement, the Right wing of the Gaullist movement—Vichyssois who had purged their past by conversion to the General's patriotism—moved *en masse* into their natural camp, that of Pinay's Independent Conservatives, who scored heavily in the voting. As for the Gaullist Left, it seems likely that, with the Resistance a decreasingly dynamic myth, some preferred this time to vote for the Socialists, and thus—no less than in their previous allegiance—against the rearmament of Western Germany. Hence the results (not yet complete) of the polling. Except in some rural areas the Communists have held their ground, perhaps gained a little. The Socialists, too, have improved their position, at the expense apparently not merely of the Gaullists but also of the M.R.P. (In a country traditionally as anti-Vatican as France, post-war political Catholicism was never to prove as firmly entrenched as in Italy or Germany.) The Right and Right-Centre as a whole have not gained on balance. The Gaullist R.P.F., rid now of most of those who supported it for tactical reasons of expediency, is left as a party, modest in size but probably more solid in structure, of pure Nationalists.

Policy in Kenya

It was to be expected that Mr. E. A. Vasey, Member for Finance in the Kenya Government, should be advancing the case for a large loan to the Colony. With the effort to put down Mau Mau costing a quarter of a million pounds a month and the Colony's economy—ill-balanced at the best of times—dislocated, such a demand was inevitable. It offers the British people an opportunity to insist on a constructive policy in Kenya and to encourage the more liberal element which, we have always insisted, does exist amongst the settlers. It is indeed difficult for Europeans to think constructively in the present terror, as a pseudonymous letter from a well-known European, published in our columns this week, makes clear. Mau Mau and European violence feed each other. The police have reported Mau Mau orders that all connected with the prosecution of Jomo Kenyatta should be murdered. A European has been shot in Nairobi. On the other side, to quote the figure given by Mr. Lyttelton in the House, "during the last six months 430 Mau Mau terrorists have been shot while resisting orders or attempting to escape." This is official euphemism to cover a campaign of often indiscriminate beating and shooting by the forces of law and order. Mr. Lyttelton is aware of the facts, reported by witnesses as authoritative as Canon Bewes, that Africans are, on occasion, beaten even to death under interrogation. He must have received, as London newspapers have done, the evidence of British missionaries as well as African affidavits, testifying to much blind and stupid, if explicable, violence. The truth is that Europeans believe that 90 per cent. or more of the Kikuyu are now a part of Mau Mau, and therefore shooting a Kikuyu at sight is regarded in some quarters as a legitimate European activity. In this atmosphere comparatively few Europeans—but they exist—adhere to the policy of working out with responsible Indians and Africans a constructive policy for future "partnership" in the Colony. Yet, as all responsible observers agree, such

a policy is an essential element in "pacification." If Africans (not only Kikuyu) believe that there is a better future for them in Kenya, they will turn from Mau Mau. If they believe, as many of them do today, that they are to be denied human rights in the future, they will necessarily act on the instructions of a recently captured document saying that for Kikuyu "it is better to die than live as slaves, and this is the time."

Crisis in Nigeria

After a flying visit to London to see Mr. Lyttelton, Sir John Macpherson is now back in Lagos, where Mr. Hopkinson, the Minister of State, has joined him. They have still to solve the trickiest political crisis since the introduction of the new Nigerian constitution—which Sir John, as Governor, played a big part in framing. Four Ministers of the Action Group (the majority party in the Western Region) resigned a fortnight ago because they wanted openly to support a parliamentary resolution advocating Nigerian self-government by 1956. Sir John, as chairman of the Council of Ministers (which is very far from being a Cabinet in the British sense of the word) thought that Ministers ought not to speak on this resolution. Now he has to find ways of smoothing over a crisis which is made especially acute by the temporary agreement of Nigeria's two leading nationalists, Dr. Azikiwe and Mr. Awolowo—an agreement which now looks like hardening into an alliance. One consequence of this alliance is likely to be a strengthening of the young progressives in the North, who are led by Mallam Aminu Kanu. Sir John is nothing if not skilful, patient and long-suffering; but he is probably regretting those aspects of his constitution which enabled the autocratic rulers in the Northern Region to retain firm hold on their power. Had the electoral law worked more democratically, there would today be in Parliament at least a handful of Nigerian progressives from the North; and these progressives would have helped to heal the dangerous breach between North and South which may now again threaten to bring Nigerian political advance to a standstill. For the time being, Sir John has a quorum in his Council of Ministers and can carry on. But it is clear that further advance along the lines that he himself has laid down will depend on a firm and helpful British attitude towards the chances of political progress in the North.

Colombo Plan Failure

The flow of technical assistance under the Colombo Plan "increased steadily" throughout last year, according to the Government White Paper just issued. This is about as reassuring as saying: "The patient is as well as can be expected." An increase in the number of experts from 45 in 1951 to 135 in 1952, and of trainees from 309 to 847 may be a "steady increase," but these figures have to be compared with the fact that the number of experts asked for by the various countries was 276 and the number of requests for training, 1,484. This means that less than half the necessary experts were found—a serious reflection on the method of recruitment and a poor augury for the completion of the Plan by 1957. When the Colombo Plan countries met in Sydney in 1950, great stress was laid on the Technical Co-operation Scheme, and properly so, because the programme of desperately needed projects, totalling £1,868 millions, depends on the training of personnel in the countries to carry through the work. That was why £8 million was allocated for Technical Co-operation—sending experts into the countries and bringing students out. This amount (again properly so) was to be expended before the end of 1953. At the end of last year only a sixth had been committed, and the scheme was extended until the end of the Plan. The Bureau of Technical Co-operation in Colombo consists of Mr. Geoffrey Wilson (Director), Mr. S. A. Shareef (Deputy Director) and a secretary. It is true that the functions are those of a clearing-house for requests, the negotiations being conducted bilaterally by the Governments concerned; but the sub-post-office status is ludicrous. The complaint of the report is that experts are not coming forward. The very obvious reason is that penny-foolish policies have prevented the needs and high-purpose of the Colombo Plan from being made known to those experts (and they are the type needed) who could be inspired and not merely hired.

WASHINGTON

Trade and Tariffs

A Correspondent writes: It is odd to find the *Chicago Tribune* on the side of the angels, though its anger over the rejection of the English tender for the Chief Joseph dam springs rather from a desire to save the U.S. taxpayer's money than from any enthusiasm for British exports. There are, however, important business interests, as well as State Department officials, which are dismayed by the bad impression that is being created by the Chief Joseph affair, the Comet contract and the clear intention of the Republicans in Congress to put further difficulties in the way of imports that may seriously compete with U.S. domestic products. There is one group of industrialists, of which Mr. Henry Ford is a notable example, which feels capable of meeting any foreign competition, but also believes that foreign competitors should be given a fair chance. And there are importers and wholesalers who have an interest in low tariffs and simpler customs formalities. But the core of the Republican Party in Congress is traditionally protectionist, and even those Congressmen who are willing to pay lip-service to the principle of "trade, not aid," are liable to seek protection for industries that maintain powerful lobbies on Capitol Hill or in their constituencies.

The President, supported by the "Marshall Plan" Republicans, is in favour of freer trade, for both economic and political reasons, but he does not seem prepared to make any serious effort to promote it—at least until he has received the report on which Mr. Lew Douglas is now working. The Administration, for instance, has not presented its own Bill for the extension of the Reciprocal Agreements Act, so that the present hearings are taking place on a measure put forward by Representative Simpson. Even if some of the more obnoxious clauses are deleted from this in the course of its passage through Congress, its protectionist bias is bound to remain. Once again the split in the Republican Party, which has only been papered over since the breach at the Chicago Convention, is threatening to make nonsense of the more liberal sentiments in the President's programme.

WESTMINSTER

The Lords' Amendments

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Commons row over the Lords' Amendments to the Transport Bill was in essence simple and quite important. When the Bill left the Commons at the beginning of the year, large parts of it had not been discussed at all, owing to the guillotine. Consequently, considerable defects, which would normally have come to light earlier, were discovered and had to be put right during the Bill's passage through the Upper House. It returned to the Commons a month ago, not with the usual handful of minor revisions, but with over eighty amendments, some of which were of really substantial importance.

The Government at first asked the Commons to undertake the Herculean task of disposing of these Amendments in a single day before Easter. Incidentally, it is commonly believed that the Labour Whips at that stage agreed to this. Later, however, the Opposition Front Bench (who, unlike the Whips, knew something of the Bill) successfully objected, and the consideration was deferred until last week, when the Government offered two days. This time was, in the Opposition's view, entirely inadequate, and Labour members began to draw attention to the absurdity of the position by taking things at a very leisurely pace through Wednesday and Thursday of last week. There was a good deal of manœuvring behind the scenes, out of which both lots of Whips emerged with some discredit, some explosive and rather un-knightly interventions from the Prime Minister, and, in the end, the Opposition demanded one more day's discussion than the Government were prepared to give.

At that stage Sir W. Churchill, who, to the obvious embarrassment of both the Minister of Transport and the Leader of the House, was commanding the Government army in person, lost patience and decided on the unprecedented step of guillotining the Lords' Amendments. From then on, the Opposition really had something to bite on. For in addition to argument about whether the Opposition was filibustering or the Government being dictatorial, two constitutional points arose. The lesser one is that, by forcing a large number of Lords' amendments to be voted on *en bloc*, the Government may be robbing the Commons of the proper opportunity to assert its fundamental privilege over the Lords of reserving to itself the power of financial legislation. The second point is of wider importance. In effect, what has happened in this case is that the Lords have initiated virtually new legislation, and it has been forced through the Commons under a guillotine, without discussion. In the Labour view, and here Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morrison are at one, this is establishing the precedent for allowing the Lords to legislate without effective reference to the Commons.

It seems unlikely that the Prime Minister realised the full implications of his action when he decided, as most observers thought unnecessarily, to cut short the discussion. He has saved no time, for the Opposition have already demanded a day to deal with these constitutional matters on a vote of Censure; he has created a precedent which may be abused in the future and, in doing so has shocked, not for the first time, a good many of his own supporters, as well as the Opposition; finally, he has united the Right and the Left of the Labour Party on an issue where, until last week-end, they have been specifically divided. Nobody in the Labour Party now thinks it possible to enter discussions about the strengthening of a House of Lords which can legislate over the heads of the Commons.

The Mountain and the Mouse

MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS'S statement on the progress made at the Charing Cross Hotel last week-end in formulating Labour's new policy will come as a great relief to the Labour Movement. The predictions of a head-on clash between the trade union representatives and the Bevanites on the National Executive have not been fulfilled; on the contrary, the Committee was able to record a surprisingly large measure of agreement. It is seriously misleading, however, to talk, as the *Daily Herald* did last Monday, of virtual unanimity when two key issues are still unresolved. Apparently the Bevanites were defeated on their proposal for land nationalisation, while a decision on the future of the chemical industry, together with the whole problem of foreign policy and Defence, was shelved until further discussions with the T.U.C. have taken place. The real test is still to come at the end of May, when the final text of the policy document is submitted to the Committee.

What can be recorded is a real and immensely encouraging unanimity on the task which the next Labour Government will face. The trade union leaders, Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Bevan—with Professor G. D. H. Cole underlining the moral—are all agreed on what this task will be. Labour must tell the country quite frankly, first, that we must make ourselves independent of foreign aid; secondly, that this cannot be done without huge increases in domestic food production and engineering exports; thirdly, that these increases are impossible without large-scale capital investment in agriculture and new industrial plant; and, fourthly, that while this investment is being carried out the consumer will have to forgo present pleasures for future benefits. This is the only honest basis on which national independence and security can be promised.

So far—and it is a very long way—there is agreement in the Socialist ranks. Where differences arise is on the methods to be employed in reaching these economic targets. As his speech on the Budget showed, Mr. Bevan believes that investment can only be channelled away from less essential industries into agriculture and engineering by a large-scale extension of public ownership and a much tighter control of investment than that exerted by the 1945 Labour Government. How, he asks his more timid colleagues, can we raise food production to twice the 1939 level if we content ourselves with operating the 1947 Agricultural Act? How can the City be persuaded to provide the risk capital for increasing the plant of the engineering and aircraft industries far beyond the level which private enterprise regards as safe and reliable? If steel has to be re-nationalised in order to achieve the necessary expansion, why does this argument not apply to the steel-using industries even more strongly? And lastly, how can a Labour Government, unable for obvious reasons to use direction of labour or impose a wages policy, plan an economy 80 per cent. of which is not susceptible to detailed control?

Thus Mr. Bevan's case for taking over I.C.I. and Fisons, Ltd., for nationalising rented land, for the extensive use of State enterprise in expanding the engineering industry and for the establishment of a Government investment corporation to provide capital for new processes and industries, is a practical answer to the challenge we face. None of his opponents can deny that it is far easier to regulate capital investment in publicly owned than in private industries. Indeed the planning of a programme of expansion of this size is quite impossible in a free economy. It is for those who accept the imperative need for regulated capital investment, and yet oppose further advances of socialisation, to expound their alternative method of achieving the agreed targets of expansion. The danger at present is that, having faithfully portrayed the mountainous problems before us, the Labour Executive will be persuaded by doctrinaire anti-nationalisers to father a mouse of a policy.

Marxism Revisited

I. THE GREAT DIAGRAM.

MARXISM is a land. You are in it, or you live without its frontiers. You look at it from the standpoint of the rest of the world, or you look at the world from its standpoint. You take it or you leave it. That is why Marxism has been so seldom criticised, and so feebly. It has been ignored or adopted, anathematised or adored, rejected or worshipped. Even now, after a hundred years, it has hardly been considered. Perhaps, however, it may be possible to revisit Marxism. Those who have lived within its rule of thought and breathed its mental climate can perhaps retread in imagination its paths, and strive to take account of whither, in the experience of a century, those paths have led.

The field of Marxism is nothing less than human existence itself; nor, in principle, can its system be sub-divided in any way. Nevertheless, its expositors, including Marx himself, had perforce to write about its main aspects, economics, history, politics, or philosophy, one at a time. In these notes it will not be possible to go beyond Marx's economics, *albeit* his historical economics, his economics in their concrete, historical, practical, setting: for they were always that.

Economics was the discipline to which Marx gave the flower of his genius. "Embarrassed" in youth by his inability to account for the property rights of some Rheinish landlords in a dispute about the gathering of firewood (*Preface to the Critique of Political Economy*), he devoted a lifework of heroic investigation to the attempt to discover the way in which capitalism worked. ("The task to which I have sacrificed my health, my happiness in life and my family.") Did he succeed? In *Capital* he in effect drew a mighty diagram of the contemporary economic system. Is this the veritable blue-print of the vast structure of "the relations of production" of our epoch? After a century of experience we should know whether the great diagram is basically correct or not. Have things worked out like this or haven't they?

How, then, did Marx think that capitalism worked? What essential message lies behind the dense *maquis* of his Ricardian and Hegelian concepts? When we have mastered all those categories which seem at first both illusive and unwieldy; when we know what he meant by value and surplus value; the form of value and the substance of value; by constant capital and variable capital; by the composition of capital, the accumulation of capital, and the centralisation of capital; by primary accumulation; by the rate of surplus value and the rate of profit; when we have shuddered at the possibility of the confusion of labour with labour-power; when we have followed "C-M-C" and "M-C-M"; when we have struggled through those sections of *Capital* which Marx wrote while he was suffering from carbuncles on his behind, so that even the patient Engels said that they "bore rather strong marks of the carbuncles"—and Marx retorts, unrepentant—"I hope the bourgeoisie will remember my carbuncles all the rest of their lives"—when all has been absorbed and understood, what have we learnt?

We have learnt this, I think. We have learnt that Marx believed that in all capitalist societies wages tend towards a subsistence level. And the essential reason is that the level of wages is determined not by what the worker produces but by what it takes to produce the worker.

This is a conclusion thoroughly consistent with Marx's theory of value which, like all the theories of value of his time, was one of the *genus* of supply, or cost of production, theories. Wages, he concludes, will fluctuate round the level which at any given time and place will evoke an adequate supply of wage-workers competent to do the work required. And, by and large, that will mean a level of wages sufficient to keep those workers alive and fit for their work and to give them time and strength to breed up children to succeed them, and no more.

For why should the employers pay more? Why should they pay more than enough to summon up successive generations of workers apt for their purposes? Why should they pay higher wages than that, any more than they will pay an unnecessarily high price—i.e., a price that will more than evoke the required supply—for their coal or their cotton, or the hire of their factory, or for any of the other "factors of production"? Moreover, this particular factor, the supply of labour-power, will never run short and so have its supply price bid up. Not only will the workers breed ever new generations to replace themselves, but also, and above all, the very development of capitalism, the very rise in the productivity of labour, the accumulation and centralisation of capital—mechanisation—will be for ever dispensing with labour-power. It will be for ever reducing the demand for labour-power per unit of capital used, so that, grow the capitalist system never so fast, there will always be "a reserve army" of workers—in a word, unemployment—to keep the level of wages down to the minimum practicable level.

Everything else in Marx's economics follows from this. This is the central keep of the fortress, and Marx felt that it was so strong that he had no hesitation in admitting all sorts of qualifications. Of course the "subsistence level" varied from time to time and place to place; you could not in practice buy a supply of the labour-power of brawny English miners for the bowl of rice which might be all you needed to pay for a supply of coolie-power in Shanghai. The recognition of all this did nothing even to qualify his principle that the level of wages was wholly independent of how much the workers produced—that there was no inherent tendency for wages to rise with the rise in productivity.

But there is another kind of qualification with which Marx had to deal more at length. Even if we admit that in a "pure," abstract kind of capitalism—in capitalism left to itself, with no "outside interference" with its own laws—wages will never rise above what is the "subsistence level" for that time and place, yet could they not

be forced up above that level by sufficient pressure—by trade union action and minimum wage and maximum hours laws—in general, by the workers' pressure *against* capitalism? On a simple reading of Marx's basic theory they could not be. And that was, in fact, the conclusion that many of his early readers drew. Lassalle, for example, announced his iron law of wages, which laid it down that, whatever you did, you could never push wages up. But, if that were so, what was the good of trade unions, of workers' political parties, of the Labour movement generally? No use at all, said Lassalle, till you had overthrown capitalism.

This was in fact the logical conclusion to draw from Marx's economic diagram. But Marx himself tried to reject it. For to have accepted it would have been to deny the importance of trade unionism and the Labour movement generally. So Marx denounced Lassalle and his iron law. He got round the logical difficulty by asserting that it was possible, here and there, and for a time, to force the capitalist to pay more than he otherwise need for his supply of labour-power. He bade the trade unionists to fight on, for they might temporarily gain something now—and in the end they would gain the whole world.

It is extremely important to understand what Marx's position was in this respect, for it is still precisely the position of contemporary Communists, and it thus has a profound practical political influence today. Marx did not, and they do not, support trade union and reformist political action because they believe that it can really gain anything substantial for the workers. On the contrary, Marx in all the great key passages in his works enunciated the famous doctrine of "ever-increasing misery." There is no doubt that Marx predicted that the vast majority of the populations of capitalist communities would grow poorer and poorer. Take, for example, the *Communist Manifesto*: "The modern labourer . . . instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper. . . . " Or take the mighty peroration of *Capital* itself:

> While there is thus a progressive diminution in the number of the Capitalist magnates who usurp and monopolise all the advantages of the transformation process, there occurs a corresponding increase in the mass of poverty, oppression, enslavement, degradation and exploitation . . . .

Clearly, trade union action and working-class pressure which does not prevent a perpetual *increase* in the "mass of poverty, oppression, enslavement, degradation and exploitation" cannot be regarded as being very successful! Moreover, the end of this same sentence reveals what Marx considered to be the true use of trade union action and working-class political activity: " . . . but at the same time there is a steady intensification of the wrath of the working class—a class which grows ever more numerous, and is disciplined, unified and organised . . . "

The real purpose of trade union and Labour pressure was not to gain any material advantage now (at bottom Marx agreed with Lassalle that this was impossible), but to create, to drill, to mobilise the army of Labour which should overthrow capitalism. Labour could not really gain anything without gaining everything. Every strike, every mass demonstration, every hunger march, every election even, was in fact no more and no less than a rehearsal for revolution. Its outcome mattered less than its educative effect.

The workers themselves naturally take the opposite view. They are desperately interested in the actual, concrete, here and now success or failure of their strike, election, demonstration, or other action: and they have learnt by experience that if, but only if, they are led by people who also genuinely care about it, they *can* in fact, as I shall show, win important material advantages. If they are being led by people who at heart think that this is all really only a rehearsal for "the day," they are bound to go down. For such leaders must always tend to strike, even when the chances of success are remote, if not indeed for striking's sake, then for the sake of the educative, revolutionary effect. Yet the actual consequences of such lost battles, thoughtlessly engaged upon, have in fact proved to be acutely demoralising and disintegrating. In my experience, this fact alone has prevented the Communists, with all their incomparable energy and devotion, from capturing the trade union movement.

Here, then, is the essential shape of Marx's diagram or chart of capitalism. He did not put anything in the nature of an actual diagram into the first volume of *Capital* although at one time he intended to do so. (See his letter of July 6, 1863, to Engels.) If he had, it would, from the evidence of the letter, have been a far more complicated affair than what is described below. Marx's proposed diagram was designed to show how saving and investment took place: how, that is to say, the surplus was devoted to accumulation. He had in mind Quesnay's *Tableau Economique*, which he greatly admired.

A diagrammatic presentation of the basic concept of *Capital* would look something like this. The level of wages—or, more broadly, the workers' share of the national product—is represented by a straight line across the paper—or, rather, a line which actually tends downwards into "increasing misery." The size of the national product is represented by an ever-rising curve, which "trumpets out," as the statisticians say, towards the top right-hand corner of the paper, as the productivity of the community grows greater and greater. And so, of course, there is an ever-broadening gap between the two divergent curves. The width of that gap measures the ever-growing and finally immense surplus, or differenc , between the diminishing, or at best constant, amount going to the workers and the total national product, which is for ever augmenting itself with the speed of the rise in the productivity of labour (recently about 3 per cent. per annum, cumulative). The whole of this ever-growing surplus must go to the ever-diminishing class of owners of the means of production, since by hypothesis none of it goes to the workers. In Marx's terminology it must be "usurped" and "monopolised" by the ever diminishing number of "Capitalist magnates."

Almost everything in Marxist economics follows with inescapable logic from this diagram. On this basis Marx has, of course, no difficulty in accounting for periodic gluts, slumps and crises, and for the final catastrophe of the system. How could a system which piles ever greater inequality upon inequality, which produces an ever more monstrously inequitable distribution of the national income, end in anything else? Lenin had no difficulty in extrapolating the divergent curves of the chart—the upper curve into the export of capital, monopoly capitalism, imperialism and periodic world wars; the lower curve into working-class mass action, colonial revolt and world revolution. Moreover, it is important to realise that Stalin, to the day of his death, founded his whole view of the inevitable tendencies of capitalism on this supposed characteristic, namely that the real income of the mass of the population can certainly never rise and must indeed tend actually to fall. In what was evidently his political testament, (*Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.*) he writes that the first feature of the "basic economic law of capitalism" is "the securing of the maximum capitalist profit through the exploitation, ruin and impoverishment of the majority of the population of the given country" (p. 43). This is the doctrine of increasing misery at its most extreme.

Has it all turned out to be true? Does the great diagram, which is in essence so simple, massive and impressive, give a true or a false picture of the way in which capitalism has in fact worked? Surely we should know by now? Has the thing worked out like this or hasn't it?

Upon examination of the facts we can only make the least satisfactory of answers: "It has, and it hasn't." On the one hand, there is not the slightest doubt that Marx's basic proposition that the level of wages or, more broadly, the amount of real income per head going to the mass of the population, could not rise and indeed must fall, has turned out to be completely wrong. According to the economists, it has probably more than doubled in Britain, for example, since he sat writing *Capital*. (This proposition is discussed in subsequent articles.) But—and what a "but" it is!—those gluts and slumps or crises, which he accounted for and explained on his apparently false premise, have duly come upon us. Moreover, we live amidst that bloody sequence of imperialism, world wars, colonial revolts and revolutions to which Lenin extrapolated the curves. What is the explanation?

JOHN STRACHEY

London Diary

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S answer to Emrys Hughes in the House of Commons on Monday finally dispels any notion that he might be "on the slippery slope to Another Place." The Prime Minister made it clear that, in the strictly Parliamentary sense of another place, he did not intend to make Lloyd George's mistake in his old age. Why then did he saddle himself with this rather ridiculous title for the rest of his life? One reason mooted was that it would give him a higher precedence in the Coronation ceremony. I learnt that there was no truth in this suggestion by applying (I felt very grand) to Bluemantle Pursuivant's office, which replied that it would have to "consult Garter" (the Garter King of Arms). Nor can anyone take more seriously the explanation that the Prime Minister wants a new uniform, since the new one will scarcely fit him as well as that of an Elder Brother of the Trinity, and it must be assumed that he has long completed his famous collection of hats. I am driven to the conclusion that in this last climacteric of his life he could not resist the temptation to become a member of the most exclusive club surviving from European feudalism, even at the expense of adding to his great name a rather ridiculous prefix. A pardonable vanity, no doubt, but still a pity.

* * *

I suppose that the name of James Reston is only known in this country to those who read the air mail edition of the *New York Times*. But everyone who is familiar with his excellent political reporting will be delighted that he is to succeed Arthur Krock as head of the *Times*'s big Washington bureau. He is probably the most reliable and informed correspondent in the United States, and his promotion came just after he had turned down an offer to replace Herbert Elliston (an old friend of mine and a courageous editor), who has had to retire because of ill-health from the editorship of the *Washington Post*. From a fascinating analysis of the Eisenhower Administration's con-

fused thinking about the Far East, which "Scotty" Reston wrote last Sunday, I take this quotation:

> . . . one high official at the Pentagon remarked the other day here that we must fight for fifty years if necessary in order to defeat a Communist China, even if it were a Titoist-type of Communist Government. For a Communist China, he insisted, would always have a strong pull, politically and economically, on Japan, and the support of Japan, he concluded, was a vital interest of the United States.

Reston goes on to draw the depressing conclusion that the Administration is "too divided" and "the mood of the country too embittered . . . to encourage, or permit, any major concession to the Soviet Union."

* * *

The leader of the Resistance movement which is sweeping the French out of Laos is Prince Souphanouwong; he has had much experience, since it was he who set up an Independent Laos Committee to oppose French re-occupation as early as 1945. An English friend of mine who visited him at his home on the Siamese frontier five years ago, found him business-like and impressive. The walls of his house were covered with maps, showing with red-headed pins where the guerillas were active; stocks of war material were in sheds outside, waiting to be taken away to their destinations in various disguises on sampans, bicycles and trucks. Souphanouwong said: "The French wanted me to be a cultured gentleman; I knew I could help my undeveloped country more by learning how to build a railway. So I became a railway engineer." Two years later he became head of a Coalition Resistance Government which demanded "unity with Viet-Nam and Cambodia to fight the common enemy —French Colonialists and all Imperialist aggressors." Having thrown the French out of more than a third of the country, Souphanouwong's Government, now backed by a Laotian Assembly, has declared itself the only legal authority of Laos. It is well supplied with arms and munitions from the Chinese and it pays for these with hard cash or exchanges them for salt and rice. The French can have no reply to the claim that this revolutionary Government represents the people of Laos. The Pentagon's advice is that they should throw in "another two divisions." I doubt if the French will indefinitely put up with this ghastly slaughter of young men in a totally immoral struggle against a people who learnt their ideas of freedom so largely from the West—from France especially. They fight and, if necessary, die as the French themselves once did, for national freedom.

* * *

Mr. Silvester Bolam, ex-editor and director of the *Daily Mirror*, did not live to enjoy the £20,000 which he received on retirement from the Board. He will be most remembered, I suppose, as the editor who went to prison for committing a most spectacular contempt of Court. In fact I understand that he acted on legal advice and actually believed that his account of Haigh would pass because it did not deal with the particular murder which was then before the Courts. Very odd, but true, as an inside account of the whole affair will no doubt some day make clear. He was an unexpectedly serious man to meet; his non-conformity had a curious kink that made sex and radicalism natural allies. Personally, I shall always remember him as the man who, as it were, skirted the nudes with Labour propaganda.

* * *

"The shortage of accommodation for homeless families is a serious handicap, and many parents who are deeply attached to their children are separated from them. . . ." This is from a recent report by the Children's Officer for Brighton. On the day when I read it, I received a copy of a letter now being sent by the Hendon Housing Officer to people living in requisitioned houses, urging them to look for somewhere else to live. In the case that has come to my notice the recipient was an elderly widow living alone, and it has thrown her into a panic. "It is anticipated," says this document in the blessed anonymity of the passive voice, "that requisitioned properties are to be returned to their owners within the next two years." (No one else seems to have heard of this, or of any development that may make it possible, though the Government is certainly pressing the Councils to get on with de-requisitioning.) "When de-requisitioning takes place, the owner is entitled to vacant possession and you may be faced with eviction." The Council, says the letter truly enough, "cannot undertake to provide alternative accommodation." So each tenant is blandly advised either to become the accepted tenant of his involuntary landlord and thus stay where he is on new terms, to put his name down for a place in a satellite town, to buy the house about to be de-requisitioned, to buy some other house, to build himself a house, or to "find fresh accommodation yourself." And "to avoid being in a very unpleasant situation" he is urged to do one of these things immediately.

Local Councils, I gather, can indeed de-requisition and evict when they like. But if the London boroughs all did it within the next two years, each of them would acquire an army of homeless people. Obviously they will not do this, and most people know it; but the lonely old men and the elderly widows don't know it, and the Hendon letter seems to me, with all due regard to the intractability of the problem and the undoubted hardships involved for owners in many instances, an empty and heartless threat. I hope it will be withdrawn.

* * *

Next Sunday in Northampton admirers of Charles Bradlaugh are meeting to celebrate his discharge from the 7th Dragoon Guards and the beginning of his long religious and political fight. Few great men are more neglected by historians. One of the reasons is that the best-known free-thinkers have tended to be Socialists, and Bradlaugh, who fought and eventually won the right to take his place in the House of Commons without taking the Oath, was a pugnacious anti-Socialist. It was on this ground that he parted from Mrs. Besant, who had been with him throughout his second big fight on the issue of birth control. Bradlaugh was an immensely powerful man, but he was physically worn out before he was 60 as the result of his single-handed battle in Parliament and the Courts and his consequent money difficulties. Though Morley makes a good case for Gladstone, the Liberal Party as a whole came miserably out of the affair. Bradlaugh is a hero in the struggle for religious liberty, free thought and a free press. His enemies —they were fanatical—intended to ruin him financially and physically. They succeeded—at least he was unconscious on his deathbed when, in 1891, the penitent House of Commons decided to expunge from its journals the record of its repeated resolutions expelling him.

* * *

Maude Gonne had long been an Irish legend when she died this week at the age of 88. Her extraordinary beauty is immortalised in verses by her friend W. B. Yeats. Irish patriotism was more than half her life. She was jailed for it in England; her husband was shot for it in the 1916 Rebellion, and her son, Sean MacBride, founder of a new party in Ireland and Foreign Minister in the last Irish Government, still maintains it and at intervals still denounces Partition in Trafalgar Square.

* * *

Emrys Hughes's runner-up amongst the favoured jesters of the House of Commons is Leslie Hale, who, in the course of a gruelling night's debate on the Lords' amendments to the Transport Bill, managed to make the House laugh uproariously at about 11 p.m. He had already made half a dozen long speeches. Finally, he earnestly pleaded with the Government to use its last chance of changing its mind, because, when the Bill had left the House of Commons, it would become law once it had received the gracious assent of Her Majesty the Queen and "possibly some observations from Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

In contrast to the lavish spread of champagne and caviare which they were compelled to eat while travelling through Russia, the ex-prisoners had a homely cup of tea and a slab of plain cake.—*Daily Mail*. (S. C. Cockett.)

Dustcarts in Westminster will all fly a Union Jack and the council's flag from the driver's cab on Coronation Day. Dustmen and road sweepers will wear a Tudor rose with red, white and blue ribbons in their caps.—*News Chronicle*. (F. G Hearne.)

A cup with lipstick on it was given to Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, Parliamentary Secretary to the Health Minister, while she was travelling by rail. The waiter said, she told Lambeth Clean Food Association last night, "That's not dirty—it's only lipstick."—*News Chronicle* (F. M. Phillips).

The Smiler with a Knife

MAY one write, in the world which is left after saturation bombing (and especially in the columns of this journal), of the *art*, as Defoe called it, of war? Or, by Defoe's own definition—"the highest perfection of human knowledge"—would science be the better word? Or sport—the happy hunting ground of generations of English cavalry officers? That must be an anachronism after Stalingrad. Yet what else? An evil, to be sure; but the wealth of talent and virtue which has been expended in its cause has demanded too much of the best in too many good men to be dismissed as the prerogative of merely the unholy tradesmen who have commanded the big battalions in successive ages. The fact is, by half-way through this century of total war, we have become understandably self-conscious about even discussing war as a legitimate field of human expression. To commend a general for his professional skill is to raise doubts about one's own political morality; doubly so if he should be a German.

It is into this whispering gallery of inhibitions that Rommel comes bouncing with his *Papers*, eupeptic, vain and extrovert. Some sort of a military genius and a political illiterate, he pleads guilty to nothing. War is fun. More than that,

it taxes the brain and tempers the nerves. It is intellectually and emotionally satisfying. To Rommel it is both a sport and an art. To reject all that, as one must, and to brand Rommel as the insensitive, rather stupid vulgarian which, outside his profession, he seems to have been, still leaves history with the task of assessing his importance as a soldier and allotting him his place in military lore.

To the critic of war Rommel is a godsend. For in him the profession of arms can be examined almost wholly separate from its background of politics, with all their tangled thickets of moral judgment. Rommel, indeed, had the sketchiest understanding of politics or, one guesses, of the highest level of staff duties. He was, of course, a Nazi and proclaimed his personal allegiance to Hitler. Not being born with a Field-Marshal's baton in his mouth, he owed his chance of high command to Hitler's favour, and he was Hitler's man. He was loyal, though at the end with some misgivings, until Hitler claimed his life.

And was that necessarily wrong? The argument that a general should turn against his political superiors must be based (except in so far as it is merely a pious cynicism of political warfare) on one of two propositions. It means either that the generals derive from their physical force responsibility for the last word in policy-making—a poor look-out for democracy—or that they are under an obligation to turn their weapons against a government which acts unconstitutionally, even if it has massive popular support; and that is a proposition which might prove to be very poor Socialism. This is not to say that the *O.K.W.* should not have been indicted for war crimes. On the contrary; but the proper charge is not that its members were individually loyal to the government which employed them, but that it shared corporate responsibility at the highest planning level for the criminal policies of the Third Reich. Rommel did not. He was a field commander with neither the ambition, nor perhaps the imagination, to wait behind the Emperor's throne. When, indeed, in the closing days of his life he began to advocate a generals' peace in defiance of Hitler, he based his case so completely on military arguments that even that act of insubordination may be said to have been in the course of his duty to Hitler. Paradoxically, he was so far without serious political thought, so perfectly conventionally a Nazi, as to be politically epicene. He may be judged as a soldier *per se*.

Was he then, in his profession of arms, a genius or a mountebank? The rank-and-file of the British Army in the desert and most of his own subordinates saw him as the former, an inspiring leader of troops and a great master of mobile warfare. Montgomery and most of Rommel's own superiors tended to write him down, as in self-defence perhaps they had to. They saw conceit rather than inspiration, carelessness rather than daring, good luck rather than good judgment. Rommel himself, as it turns out, is far the best witness of the truth, and his objectivity is less suspect than that of his senior rivals in either army. Captain Liddell Hart's edition of *The Rommel Papers* (Collins, 25s.) is the most important and by far the most exciting military book to arise from the Second World War. The *Papers* consist (except for an excessive number of remarkably banal letters to Frau Rommel) of diaries, memoranda and sketch-maps set down by Rommel himself, or occasionally an intimate *aide*, at the time of the events they deal with; they were written to provide data for a textbook on armoured tactics which Rommel meant to produce after the war. They are, thus, urgent, factual and startlingly frank. Most of the *Papers* were written on the high tide of Rommel's success, and almost all before his fall from favour. He had, therefore, no reason to feel himself on the defensive, no motive to falsify and, by reason of his unexpected death, no time to revise.

Rommel is in no position to shed much light on the high strategic decisions of the war. Even the account of his own campaigns is not drawn on the very broadest canvas. What he does is to present through a field commander's eyes an accumulation of tactical detail which amounts, in the end, to an almost uniquely practical handbook on how he won and lost his battles. Nothing, or practically nothing, is hidden from the reader's eye, which tracks like the lens of a camera over, first, the unequalled brilliance of Rommel's command of 7 Panzer Division in the battle of France; then the two years of triumph in Africa, where so great was the myth that ultimate defeat before the crushing weight of Montgomery's offensive left Rommel's reputation, if anything, enhanced; finally, the hopeless assignment to Army Group B on the invasion coast, with its aftermath of inevitable defeat, of the fall from Hitler's favour and of the squalid, lonely death by poison in a Gestapo motor car.

All this is told by Rommel, with occasional interpolations from General Bayerlein and Manfred Rommel, in a wealth of detail rare in the records of High Command. The fact is—and this was Rommel's strength and weakness—he faced his Army and Army Group commands with the *élan*, the tactical flair and personal leadership of the divisional commander. That was the source of the glamour and the origin of the myth. No commander in modern history has seen more of the battle from the heart of the battlefield; and if Rommel fell to be judged only on this power of physical leadership, he would stand unquestioned among the very greatest military commanders of all time. That indeed is where Liddell Hart, insufficiently critical though most erudite and companionable of editors, seems to place him. But this judgment overlooks two points. Rommel never bore the full burden of the very highest command; nor was he ever called to prove that his understanding of top-level administration and intelligence equalled his readiness to castigate his staffs. He was, it is true, supreme for most of his time in Africa; but Africa, as so many Englishmen remember with gratitude, was an isolated theatre far from the strategic nerve-centre. On the invasion coast he commanded an Army Group, but he always had Rundstedt or Klüge, to say nothing of Hitler and Keitel, breathing down his neck.

There are a few passages in the *Papers* where the focus of Rommel's observations widens sufficiently to enable some sort of judgment to be passed on his power of strategic concept. And it must be admitted that these do not tell wholly against him. His criticism of Mr. Churchill's ill-starred decision to fight in Greece has become a commonplace; but this is a uniquely authoritative expression of it. Less well known and far more debatable is his parallel criticism of Hitler for the same error—diverting to Greece the men and material which should have been used either directly, or (by an assault on Malta) indirectly, to speed Rommel's drive to the Nile. There is some force in this contention, but it is difficult to acquit Rommel of parochialism and over-simplification in his advocacy.

The weightiest responsibility which fell on Rommel was his Channel command in 1944. Here at last was a test which had to be decisive. Hitler's only hope of avoiding total defeat was to destroy the Allied invasion army. Rommel's plan—to stake everything on destroying the Allies on the beaches—was rejected by his superiors and has hitherto been commonly disapproved by military critics. The full account of his appreciation in the *Papers* may change this view. Rommel's plan was risky to the edge of folly; but his superiors, by eliminating some of the immediate risks, also precluded the outside hope of victory. In May, 1942, Rommel had written: "Situations can arise where even a gamble may be justified—as, for instance, when in the normal course of events defeat is merely a matter of time, when the gaining of time is therefore pointless and the only chance lies in an operation of great risk." Had not that situation arisen in very truth by May, 1944?

Trying both from the evidence of the *Papers* and from the memory of events to see Rommel's achievement in the round, I should place him at the head of the second class. As a commander of troops and a winner of battles, he was unsurpassed, especially when one recalls how often the accepted pre-requisites of victory were denied him. Neither his own words, however, nor the panegyrics of Liddell Hart and Bayerlein, can conceal a narrowness of view and a carelessness of staff requirements, which may indeed have helped him to achieve the intense and lonely concentration of the battlefield, but which fitted him to be neither a councillor of State nor a winner of wars.

Finally, for this reviewer at least, the *Papers* do one thing more. They end an illusion. To those who opposed him in the Desert, Rommel grew into a myth which was more than a projection of the truth; it was a distortion. The chivalrous super-man, whose high repute added lustre to the profession of arms and its German exponents, did not exist. Montgomery was not big enough to destroy the legend: Rommel does. History will not cheat him of his triumphs; but, thanks to Rommel himself, it will not conceal his fallability of judgment, his arrogant conceit, his narrow outlook and, above all, his sheer orgiastic exultation in the brutality of war. It was from this impious joy in battle that sprang the romantic illusion which hypnotised so many of Rommel's opponents. He was the smiler with a knife.

JOHN FREEMAN

Gales, Sheep and Badgers

AGAINST the background of the Forest, the crumbled buildings, mine-head and smelting-house, broken shards of "Iron King" Crawshay's industrial Troy, slept in the spring sunshine; sheep hungrily cropped the close turf carpeting the derelict garden of what must have been the manager's cottage. In this green clearing among woodlands where Bessemer worked and hoped, time twisted backwards has erased, re-written . . .

The Forest of Dean is today threatened with local cataclysm—not for the first time in its long history. Made up of 22,000 acres of Crown land (11,000 acres now enclosed by the Forestry Commission), where you can still see the "scowles" in which Romans dug for iron, and where Canute established a (still-existing) Court of Verderers to administer justice, this woodland area met with disaster at man's hands 300 years ago. Normans, Plantagenets and Tudors had cared as much for game as for the iron which the "Free Miners" enfranchised by Edward I won, and Forest forges turned into bolts for cross-bows: though smelting and charcoaling made inroads into the woods, the "denes" remained thickly forested until Charles I, hungry for revenue, leased the Forest in 1642 to Sir John Winter, that enterprising pioneer in the technique of coking coal. Ruthless cutting followed; in six years the area was almost completely de-

forested and, after the Protector had expelled some 400 squatters from their cabins, the Forest remained a desolate waste until 1810, when enclosure and reafforestation began in earnest.

A waste, that is, except for the mining of iron and, later, coal. The coal measures below the woodlands form a syncline, roughly the shape of an oval sauceboat eight miles long and four miles broad, the seams (narrow except for the Coleford High Delf) outcropping at the rim. Thanks to Edward I's gratitude—or so it is said—for services rendered by Dean Foresters against the Scots, Free Miners ("men born within the Hundred of Saint Briavels, who are of the age of twenty-one years and have worked one year and one day in a mine within the Hundred") had the right to obtain from the Crown the allotment of a "Gale," or plot of land, at a nominal rental, in return for which they enjoyed the mineral rights. (Tenure was in fee simple, and Gales could be bequeathed or sold.) The early workings for coal were naturally on the fringe of the syncline, where the seams outcropped and could be exploited by drifts or levels operated with the most primitive mechanism. A hundred years ago total output amounted to 300,000 tons annually. It was not, however, until this century that capitalism in the modern sense entered the Forest. Under the Act of 1904 the Crown Gaveller was given power to amalgamate the deep Gales in the heart of the Forest, where little groups of Free Miners lacked the resources to sink the necessary shafts. The Gales of the Grouped Gales leased their rights to companies for deadrents merging into royalties. By 1920 there were fourteen substantial collieries, employing 7,000 miners and producing well over a million tons of coal a year, as compared with about 100,000 tons then turned out annually by the "crop" Gales.

The production peak—over 1,350,000 tons from the company collieries—was reached in 1936, though by that time the number of substantial mines had fallen to nine, and the labour force to little more than 5,000. Since then, with the richer, more readily accessible seams progressively worked out, and output costs steadily rising, the story has been one of capitalism in decline. The National Coal Board inherited a field whose continued exploitation was justifiable only because of the compelling need to augment the country's coal supply with even marginal, high-cost, output. Today there are six collieries still working, with 3,200 miners on the pay-roll; but, in the third quarter of 1952, the average cost of Forest of Dean coal exceeded 71s. a ton (as compared with 44s. 9d. in the East Midlands), and showed a loss of 15s. 6d. on every ton sold. The loss today is probably still heavier, and the average for the group must conceal fantastically uneconomic working in some pits and sectors of pits. Two of the six collieries are almost certain to close in the near future, rendering about 1,000 miners "redundant"; and, of the four remaining pits, only two have, in the most favourable circumstances, any prospect of long life. Theoretically there are about 60m. tons of coal reserves; but by no means all these are readily workable—still less, workable on an economic basis. The life of a portion of the field might be prolonged if it proved possible to exploit, by new methods, the Eastern monocline; but this is problematic, and the N.C.B. estimates that, at best, the Forest's output will have shrunk by 63 per cent. in seven or eight years' time, displacing over 2,000 of the existing miners. If output from the expanding coalfields satisfies future demands more quickly than was estimated three years ago, when the N.C.B. framed its long-term Plan, the curtain will ring down even more rapidly and finally.

In some ways this may be no cause for tears. Though the wetness of the measures deep in the syncline makes for absence, comparatively speaking, of dust, coal-mining in the Forest has a poor enough record in the toll of respiratory disease. Freedom from gas—these are all "naked light" pits—tempted the colliery companies to stint ventilation, and these were never very healthy mines. But what is to happen to the two or three thousand displaced miners, of whom only 40 per cent. are under 41? Partly, perhaps, because of the isolation of the Forest—there were no buses plying until 1920—and partly, it may be, because of their occupation itself, these men have a queer streak of defeatism in their attitude when asked how they would approach the problem of a different job. Moreover, the chances of alternative local employment are not promising. So far as occupations which might be called indigenous to the Forest are concerned, there are a few quarries where stone is dressed; a factory in which cord-wood is turned into charcoal, with methyl alcohol a useful by-product; and there is the Forestry Commission. But foresters and charcoalers total about 300, and can never total substantially more. For the rest, the local Development Association has tried to encourage the immigration of new light industry: there is a firm now making sound-track equipment in an ex-brewery at Mitcheldean, a fruit cannery at Coleford and a biscuit factory at Cinderford, with other oddments at Lydney and Newnham. But these newcomers want a high proportion of female labour; and together they scarcely amount to anything like a Reconstruction Plan for the Forest. Rates are high; housing is short and sometimes squalid; and, above all, the remoteness of the area makes for marketing difficulties—all obstacles to a manufacturing renaissance.

There remains grazing. Hundreds of the existing miners are "badgers" in their spare time—that is, they utilise the "commoners' rights," which have complicated and still complicate planning in the Forest, to run sheep in the parts not enclosed by the Commission. But woodlands do not provide very good or ample keep; and though the Commoners' Association has been trying to improve the strain of the sheep population, there is no great future here for redundant miners. Recruitment for No. 7 Area (now lately demoted to the status of Group) is being deliberately cut down by the N.C.B.; and the narrow limits to the scope of future "crop" working are reflected in the fact that in the Register of Free Miners kept, since 1839, by the Gaveller at Coleford, only three names—all belonging to men now over fifty—have been added in the past four years. Apart from the score of little workings now licensed by the N.C.B., which markets the coal, the days of Free Mining are done; the names of the old enterprises—True Blue, Gentlemen's Colliery, Work or Hang, Catch Can, Venus and Jupiter, Small Profit and the like—survive only in the Crown Office rolls. Dead is dead, and gone is gone.

It is not enough to say that the Forest's future must be that of a tourist playground surrounded by a few ugly villages inhabited by employed young women and out of work old men. For the miners in their twenties, the only wise counsel is doubtless "Go North, young man." But the middle-aged and elderly men, many of them tied by ownership of home and enjoyment of common rights, will not emigrate to work among "foreigners" either in the Midlands or the Welsh valleys. The plight with which they are now threatened is the heritage of a planless epoch in which profit was sought where profit was quick and the planned development of England's industrial life on modern competitive lines was subordinated too often to the export of capital to support an imperialism now in liquidation. We cannot just say to the Forest of Dean miners "You've had it". They went down the mines for the advantage of a capitalist society. The Welfare State cannot divest itself of responsibility for their future.

In April's victorious brilliance—a wisp of smoke from one of the doomed collieries just visible over the tree-tops where two jays brawled vulgarly in the wide silence—the sheep munched placidly among the heaps of broken industrial masonry, between untended, decaying bushes of currant and gooseberry from which, every now and then, a little withered leaf fluttered carelessly down. Man's acquisitive endeavour, man's irresponsibility to man . . .

AYLMER VALLANCE

Free Press in India

THE Bombay Legislative Assembly has now aligned itself behind the Chief Minister, Shri Morarji Desai, in his attempt to tame the Daniel of the Indian press. In doing so, it has challenged the fundamental concept of the freedom of newspaper comment in a democratic State. When Frank Moraes, India's outstanding journalist and Editor of the *Times of India*, was summoned to appear in front of the Assembly, the press of India was put on trial before a non-judicial tribunal composed of the complainants, from whose judgment there is no appeal except to public opinion.

It all started over Prohibition, which the Government of Bombay tries to enforce despite the loss of revenue and the widespread defiance of the law. Under the editorship of Moraes the *Times of India*—Indian-owned, but published in English—has ceaselessly condemned Prohibition and what it has described as the puritanical policies of the Bombay Government. Its comments have been personal, pungent and provocative, no doubt, although never aspiring to the wealth of adjectives that adorned the British Press in its more vigorous early days. But in Bombay, tolerance has not grown with power; on the contrary, there has developed a supersensitive resentment of criticism. Morarji Desai, a man of unquestioned integrity, had endured bitter criticism with admirable fortitude over a long period, but suddenly his patience snapped. He avoided the straightforward course of invoking the Press Laws under which the Administration in India has armed itself with ample powers, either because the criticism to which he objected was perfectly legal, or because legal processes in India are not as effective as they should be.

Unwilling to challenge openly such a reputable newspaper as the *Times of India*, Morarji Desai issued a secret circular, giving in order of priority a preferential list of journals to be favoured with official advertisements. The *Times of India* and its associate papers were excluded, despite the fact that they command the largest circulations. Called upon to justify his action, the Chief Minister accused the *Times of India* of malice and vituperation, although making no complaint against comments in the associated papers which were also placed under the ban. He also declared that the *Times of India* had not maintained a high enough level of journalism and that the Government was competent to judge this for itself. Almost as an afterthought, he added that the rates charged by the *Times* were rising and

the Government had to take this into account.

It might have been thought that the Bombay journals on the preferential list would at least have maintained a seemly silence over this episode. Press freedom, however, in India as elsewhere includes in practice freedom for wealthy individuals to propagate their views through chains of newspapers. Control of the *Times of India* is in the hands of Shri Seth Dalmia; and editors whom he had discarded in the past were given space in the rival journals to avow that editorial freedom was non-existent under his auspices and that his proclaimed objective was to destroy the Nehru Government. If that were the case, Moraes could not be identified with such a policy. So great is the respect for his ability and independence entertained in New Delhi that, although he is critical of the Central Government on occasions, he was selected by Pandit Nehru as one of the members of the Indian Cultural Mission which went to China under the leadership of his sister, Mrs. Pandit.

Morarji Desai, however, was responsible for returning public attention to the main issue. In reply to questions in the House by a Congress member, it was disclosed that liquor permits had been granted to the Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court and to four other judges, "on grounds of health." Although the Speaker asked the member whether he thought his request for disclosure of their names was in the public interest, the names were announced. The questioner asked whether the Government was aware of the feeling in the public mind that granting of liquor permits to magistrates and judges was likely to influence judicial decision in Prohibition cases; and, if so, whether the Government had considered the advisability of entrusting Prohibition cases only to those magistrates and judges who were not holders of liquor permits. When the *Times of India*, under the heading "Contemptible," published a leading article criticising these proceedings in its usual forthright manner, the matter was referred to a Committee of Privileges and, as a result of its finding that a gross breach of privilege had been committed, the Editor was called before the Assembly to apologise or to show cause why Press facilities in the House should not be withdrawn from his paper. Instead of apologising, he boldly defended himself. He drew attention to Article 211 of the Constitution of India which lays down that "No discussion shall take place in the Legislature of a State with respect to the conduct of any judge of the Supreme Court or of a High Court in the discharge of his duties." He claimed that he had offered only fair criticism of a discussion which, apart from its unconstitutionality, tended to lower the prestige and dignity of the Assembly and of the Judiciary, to uphold which was the sole object of his editorial. As the questions went beyond the privileges of members, no issue of a breach of privilege could arise.

Before the Committee of Privileges the Advocate-General had held that the questions, answers and supplementaries did not constitute a "discussion" and they contained nothing regarding the conduct of any judge in the discharge of his duties. Asserting that the editorial was an attempt to set the High Court against the Government, the Chief Minister maintained in the Assembly that just as no one had the right to say that the High Court had done wrong and to attribute motives to it, the same standard must be applied to the Legislature. In the long debates in the Committee and the Assembly, those supporting the newspaper's attitude contended that it had defended the Judiciary, which had perforce to remain silent, and that the attribution

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of motives had been on the part of the questioner, who had attributed judicial dishonesty to the judges and, by suggesting that those named were unfit to decide Prohibition cases, had tended to impair public confidence in the Judiciary. The Speaker, it was pointed out, had expressed doubt whether eliciting the names of the judges was in the public interest, and the Chief Minister himself had tried to dissuade the member from putting the question, although Mr. Desai explained that he had done so because he knew the use uncharitable critics would make of the most innocent things. Members asked how the Editor could be condemned for sharing the doubts expressed by the Speaker and the Chief Minister. Quotations from past scorching editorials in *The Times*, which is held in proper awe in India, were read, and attention was drawn to the practice of the House of Commons "to restrain privilege under great limitations." But the members of the Bombay Legislative Assembly were not impressed, and, by 149 votes to 2, most of the Opposition members abstaining, they decided that, until the Editor apologised before the bar of the House and published an apology approved by the Speaker, the paper's Press facilities in the House should be withdrawn. The President of the All-India Editor's Conference has protested strongly; and the matter is not likely to be allowed to rest.

Delhi. NORMAN CLIFF

On Our Quay

THE man was drowned on Tuesday at three o'clock. The tide was in, and hid all the old bedsteads and junk that I, and my neighbours on the quayside, throw into the Liffey. This wasn't the first drowning I'd seen. No, I'd seen dozens in my time—horses, cats, sheep, men and women, and lovers. All were tragic: this might have been, except for one thing—it went on too long.

On this Tuesday I was at home and looking through the window. Crowds stood on the quayside, pointing to the spot where the man had gone down. Traffic stopped, women rushed out of tenement doorways and stared at the water. Some said the man was drunk, others that his best friend had pushed him in; but the true story was, he'd jumped in after his new hat which the wind had blown in. Anyway, no one could see either the man or his hat. Still they waited, talking of tragedy and saying, "God look down on him," while they also looked down into the black water of the Liffey.

It wasn't long before the police boat came with ropes and a hook, and four young policemen rowing it around the spot where the man had disappeared. They dropped the hook into the water, then dragged. Anxiously the crowd watched and waited. Each time the hook returned to the surface empty. And the crowd leaned closer over the quaywall, shouting out directions to the police, telling them they were trying the wrong place.

Mr. Logan, the publican at the corner of our quay, stood up on a chair, and looked through the lounge window. He was a small man, but he made big money. His nose was pressed close against the pane of glass. What had happened? It wasn't yet time to open, and a policeman was standing at the quaywall. Mr. Logan waited until the exact time, then opened the front door. Mrs. Bolger was the first person he met. "Glory be to God, what's happened?" he asked.

Mrs. Bolger was a woman with an ugly red rash on her face that made her look as if she'd been boiled. She wore a black felt hat, decorated in such a way that it gave the impression of having two black satanic horns sticking up from it. She also wore a temperance badge in her greasy lapel. "A man drowned himself . . . a drunkard. . . . God protect us all from drink."

Mr. Logan looked at her dirty shoes and stockings as she crossed to the quaywall. He'd have loved to go over and mix with the crowd; but he thought to himself: "Someone has to work. . . ." He turned back into his pub, and while he arranged the glasses on the shelf and waited for his first customers, he said to the Till, "God have mercy on the poor man."

At the quaywall, Mrs. Bolger had pushed her way between two women. "Please God they'll get him on the hook this time," she said. But the hook was empty. More people packed the quayside. Passing buses slowed down while the driver looked towards the river, and all the passengers stood up from their seats to try to find out what was attracting the crowd. And the day went on—the police dragging the river, and the crowd still surging against the quaywall.

The evening papers came out, and all of us on our quay were shocked by the lies. They said that he'd got into the river at Wattling Street Bridge. And it wasn't true. It was at Queen Street Bridge. Our Bridge. On our Quay. Mrs. Bolger said that someone ought to put a good letter in the paper about it. He was drowned on Our Quay. It always happened on Our Quay . . . them others getting the credit for it. Mr. Logan, the publican, suggested that I might do it. After all, I was a handy man with the pen. But as he was talking to me he saw two new customers coming in: "Now, gentlemen, what can I do for you? A shocking tragedy isn't it?" And he made a rapid calculation of the takings so far—seven pounds up, and there was still two hours to go, and not a sign of the body.

It was a fine summer evening, and the husbands joined their wives at the quaywall. Cigarette butts fell lazily into the water. People talked drownings they had seen. Each man and woman became an authority on tragedy, while children's faces, tense with fear, looked at the grown-ups, and listened to the wisdom, the warnings, the signs each of us would be given before death. Each woman explained what was happening to *her* at the minute the man was drowned. Yet, all the time, the ugly hook was dragged through the black water. By eight o'clock the tide was completely out. Surely now he'd turn up. He couldn't be hidden down there much longer amongst those bedsteads and broken bikes.

On a doorstep across the road from the quay sat a woman in a fur coat. Two women in black shawls sat on each side of her. All three were silent. But the gossip began that she was the man's wife, and she had borrowed the fur coat for the taking out of the corpse. Gradually the interest of the people on the quaywall turned to other things. Young men leaned close to young women, bodies sensed each other, eyes stared at the water and dreamed of love. The children played games, and the husbands left their wives, saying, "If anything good happens, I'll be in Logan's. I must have a drink." And the wives took to talking about their neighbours, and their faults, while their eyes kept a steady watch on the river.

By ten o'clock, the dragging was abandoned. Everyone was back to the details of their own lives—the women to the unwashed cups, and the food for breakfast that had been forgotten; the old men to their loneliness; the lovers to separation, the children to bed, and the husbands to Logan's, with demands for more credit. And so, all of them agreed that it was a disgrace for the police to give up and leave the man in the river all night.

A small woman in a dark blue coat shouted after the disappearing police boat: "If the British was still here, they'd have searchlights on the river. All the entire British Army would be out searching for poor Mr. Healy." (It was days later before we learned that the drowned man was not called Mr. Healy.) "A dacent respectable man, a God-fearing man bringing up a good Catholic family . . . left in the river for the night. Ah it's a bad day for the poor Irish corpse when the British have left. . . . Back to the bogs, back to the bogs," she yelled after the small boat that was a long way now up the river.

Mr. Mangle, the gambler who lives on the quay, came then. He gambles so much that for days he hasn't a bite to eat. During those times, he lessens his hunger by reading old history books or by learning long poems. "If the Romans were here, Nero would make you all applaud his singing." Then, sure that the crowd was listening to him, he began: "Hamelin town's in Brunswick . . ." He went on reciting verse after verse, and the crowd talked to each other, bored with him, until he roared out: "Except one as stout as Julius Caesar." And someone in the crowd said, "Oh for Jazus' sake . . ." At midnight, the quayside was almost deserted, except for a few people who stood on the bridge. The lamplight shone on their shabby clothes, making them a soft golden colour, and the dark river was dotted with white swans.

From six o'clock the next morning, the watchers took up their places. Some stood on the left of the bridge, and some on the right. Each was convinced that their choice would be a winner. And at nine o'clock, the boat came again. Volunteers were rowing it, and a rumour had spread around the quayside that £10 would be paid to the ones who got the body. The hook was dragged up and down and across the river. Often and often, everyone felt that the body would be at the end of it; but no—nothing except an old dustbin lid, a pram wheel, or a broken pot.

Then, in the afternoon, the continual dragging was getting on everyone's nerves. It was at this point that the Muldoon kids got a big piece of wire and attached it to a long rope. For hours they flung it over the quaywall and into the river. They dragged it back, again and again. Messenger boys got off their bikes, and let the kids have a ride in exchange for a go. When a woman said it was a disgrace that kids should do such a thing, she was answered, "Ten quid's not such a bad thing, mam"; and Mrs. Muldoon said, "Haven't the children got the right to play nowadays?" But they didn't get the man, either. The boat moved off down the river; there was an uneasy feeling that the body *might* be hooked out at Fr. Mathew Bridge. It would be unfair. Anyway, it couldn't happen. We all *knew*.

Logan's pub was full again that evening. And Logan, after saying, "What is it gentlemen?" to the new customers, would go on: "It's shocking . . . a terrible thing God bless us." Then hopefully he'd ask: "Do you think they'll get him tonight?" Logan was lucky. Another evening had gone, and the dragging was again abandoned. Crowds surged around the woman in the fur coat and her two black-shawled mourners. She ran down the quayside, tears streaming down her face, while boys on bikes and little girls with toy prams chased after her, to catch a glimpse of a woman in tears.

By the third day, everyone said it was a disgrace. What they meant was that this drowned man was a nuisance, taking up too much of their time. It was impossible to do any work: washing, cleaning, mending couldn't be done, for one might miss the big moment. There was only one

advantage—the kids didn't want money for the pictures. Yet, when the boat came dragging on the third day, the crowd was just as big. Mrs. Bolger was at her post, Logan opened his bar and waited for new customers, and Mr. Mangle missed a dead cert in the three o'clock, by shouting out directions to the boatmen. Under the middle arch of the bridge was his bet, and he couldn't understand the stupidity of anyone thinking differently from himself.

Then—it happened! And it happened on *our* quay. Oh, the relief! At 4.30! The body was caught on the hook. A silence from the crowd, dramatic in the sunlight. There was the dead man, in a black suit, on the surface of the river, by *our* quay. And in a second, there were hundreds of people rushing over the street, and over to the steps to get a glimpse of the body that had delayed their lives for so long. Others rushed home to get on with cooking their husbands' teas, for it was Friday, and pay day.

That night, the quays looked lonely and sad. Only a few people stopped to point out the spot where the man had been drowned. Logan's pub was almost empty. And while I ordered my last drink, Logan leaned over the bar to say, "Very sad. Wasn't it very sad? . . ." And his eye looked along the empty counter, then to the clock which showed it was closing time.

DONAL O'CONAILL

The Arts and Entertainment

RUGGERI

ITALIAN actors always speak of Signor Ruggeri with an affectionate awe in which, until one has seen him on the stage, one may be inclined to divine no more than a pious tribute to the indomitable activity of a man of very great age. Nothing could therefore be more disconcerting than an actual experience of his acting. An English playgoer may be excused for trepidation, especially at the prospect of Pirandello's *Enrico IV*; for though the great *tirate* of this part are written with consummate grace, subtlety and variety, they—and the stage-directions that guide their course—nevertheless offer a number of well-placed opportunities for tearing a cat in. The same is true of the part of Lori in *Tutto per Bene*. One can imagine a great actor hugging these parts through decade after decade, coarsening them here, and grotesquing them there, and at each successive murderous revival removing the plays themselves farther and farther from the dramatic coherence of the author's intention; one can further imagine the supporting actors becoming steadily more submissive and less distinguished, their roles reduced by judiciously unscrupulous cutting to the status of down-stage feeds. The first thing that causes surprise in Signor Ruggeri's performances is their extreme, confident refinement and intimacy; the second that even though the eccentricity of Enrico, and the self-absorption and social inferiority of Lori, might have condoned some antiquity of style, Signor Ruggeri is in fact acting in exactly the same naturalistic style as his companions.

They are very brilliant companions. Several critics here have been so boastfully proud of their ignorance of the Italian language that I naturally feel a little sheepish at my own acquaintance with it. I must nevertheless insist that if you do not know what they are saying you cannot adequately estimate the great gifts of Signora Pagnani and Signor Ruffini, nor the comic accomplishment of Signor Tofano and Signora Bagni. I have little space to dwell on the details of their art; but you would, I think, have to go a long way to find an actor who could, like Signor Ruffini, make the cold shallowness of Belcredi, the ambitious greed of Manfroni, steal out with such exact slowness and casualness from under the genial superficial charm.

Acting at its best—which may also at times mean its most economical and restrained—can have a calm, breath-taking beauty of its own. I know of no actress, apart from Mme Feuillère, who has quite this exquisite radiance to the degree that Signora Pagnani has it. The sense of trouble, of compassionate guilt, under the social aplomb and the worldly vivacity of the Marchesa in *Enrico IV*: this was surpassingly beautiful to watch: and after *Tutto per Bene*, it was amazing to reflect how much she had, in the small part of Signorina Cei, contributed to the preparation and illumination of our feelings about Lori himself. How miraculously and curiously deep into us went her sad gentle question to him at the end of Act One, as he prepares for his ritual visit to his wife's grave: *"Vuole andare anche oggi?"*

And Signor Ruggeri himself: I do not think anyone merely knowing the texts, as I did, from the printed page, could have predicted either his conception of Enrico, or his ultimate development of Lori. I have suggested that the refinement of the performance was unexpected. There is, of course, much more to say. His Enrico is the work of an actor who has long lived with the part and has seen ever further into its possible depths. The things one had never suspected in it are there in Signor Ruggeri's interpretation, and are there legitimately. He has seen what the most brilliant actor coming to the part after a month's rehearsals might never see: that in the years after Enrico's real insanity has left him and been replaced by a chosen masquerade, a whole new set of feelings has grown up in him, concentrating finally into a pervasive, ironic, half-creative joy in his position, a certain satiric affectionateness and gentleness towards the counterfeiters who minister to his supposed delusions. It is true that this probably moves the character some considerable distance away from the character implicit in Pirandello's text; it is also true that the performances of a younger actor like Ricci or of a younger still like Santuccio would doubtless be, in their different ways, more literal; and that what we witnessed in Signor Ruggeri may have been partly a compromise between the physical exactions of the part and the eighty-odd years of the actor. Nevertheless the result is uncannily satisfying. Enrico's youthful impetuousness and violence of temper: for these Signor Ruggeri lets Belcredi's and the Marchesa's recollections suffice. Enrico comes on to the stage with the span of years having accomplished their change in him before we see him. How far this was Signor Ruggeri's interpretation thirty years ago, I have no idea; nor to what extent Pirandello himself felt it square with his own conception. But if he had seen the performance at the St. James's the other night, Pirandello would have had yet another aspect of the ironies of creativity to contemplate.

Signor Ruggeri brings creative gifts to his performance in *Tutto per Bene* also; but they are of a different kind. I must apologise for giving some details of the plot of this play; but the programme notes on it are somewhat misleading, and critics here have in general missed even the nature of Lori's distress. The centre of his obsession throughout is not Palma, his supposed daughter, whom he has in fact neglected in the past, but his dead wife for whom he cannot cease mourning. His daily visits to her grave are regarded by all around him as tedious, despicable and hypocritical. So indeed they seem to us; for it is not till later that we discover that Palma's father is Manfroni, the man who has advanced Lori far beyond Lori's expectations. Palma knows all this and assumes that Lori knows also: hence her ill-concealed contempt for him. When by accident she reveals the truth, Lori's collapse is devastatingly complete. His agony is not at the loss of his daughter—she has always been lost—

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FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS

but at a second and more terrible loss of his wife. I think that Signor Ruggeri's performance in this scene is the greatest and most moving piece of acting I have ever seen. There is no rhetoric in it: he moves us to sheer natural pity and terror by the facts, by what is said, by the varied degrees of horror in his voice as piece after piece of the past recurs to him, newly and heart-breakingly illuminated. And with this scene Ruggeri contrives to make credible what on the printed page looks insurmountable: Palma's sudden revulsion of feeling in his favour, her sudden wish to bestow on him an affection she has never hitherto felt.

But it is the third act that is the real revelation of Signor Ruggeri's perceptive genius. Pirandello seems to demand from the actor a further supply of the same sort of passion and disturbance as in Act Two; and to ask that at the same time the play shall be conducted to a promise of some sort of happier future for Lori built on the narrow, bare basis of truth instead of error. I do not believe that even with the aid of Pirandello's beautiful stage-directions, any actor could successfully add to the effect of the second act by a continuation of it in the same mood. Nor, probably, could an audience bear the attempt at it. With penetrating art, Signor Ruggeri has seen that the play can only achieve the author's final intention by giving full value to the grotesque elements in Lori's questioning of Manfroni, in his attempted transitory resumption of his former illusion, and his laborious and pathetic effort at revenge. The passion of the earlier scene recurs fitfully but each time with diminishing force; and the play is brought to a wonderful, quiet, ambiguous close with Lori's wan, half-cheered, half-satirical murmur of "*Tutto per bene . . . tutto per bene. . . .*" No description can adequately convey the astounding things Signor Ruggeri does in the deliberate anticlimaxes of this last act. They are so vividly natural that one even hesitates to call them well-calculated.

HENRY REED

RODIN

RODIN'S vision was essentially for the heroic: but in the tragic, romantic sense of the heroic being something born out of, and yet only contained within, the flux of struggle: something that with the passing of time becomes quite incompatible with laurels and the stability of victory. And thus, just as the surfaces of Rodin's sculpture derive so much from the play of light, their drama and poignancy derive from the play of time: either from the contrast between the present and the past—the bronze, *She who was once the Helmet-maker's beautiful wife*, The Burghers of Calais walking out on themselves, the damned in the *Porte de l'Enfer*: or from the contrast between the present and the implied future—the dancer, the lover, the muse, each of whom must eventually change. The two elements of Light and Time in Rodin's work, however, are never separate. Indeed, they form a circuit of power together. One looks at the modulations of a thigh or at a trough cut between shoulder blades, and, although their movement is organic and fluid, one feels that they have somehow been *hammered* into their form by blows of experience, that each anatomical variation, on which the light flickers, is a mark of battle, that every dent and bulge (as in the case of some ancient breastplate or helmet) has been burnished by endurance.

The present exhibition at Roland, Browse and Delbanco consists of 26 fairly small bronzes and a number of drawings. They show how the quality I have tried to describe was an integral part of Rodin's visual memory and observation. His ideas were never, as it were, afterthoughts. They grew out of his direct vision of the human body or head, as his *Muse* grows out of her bronze rock, or as, in this show, in his study of Balzac, the portrait of the man is at the centre of the explosion which turns the sculpture into shrapnel. The prophet (like Rodin's own John the Baptist) sees the temporal, human predicament in moral terms. Rodin saw exactly the same predicament in visual terms. The weakness of the flesh, the final fact of the skeleton, the determination of muscles wrestling with some angel—these for him were concrete images to be moulded and felt under his own thumb.

From this can be seen how superficial it is to label Rodin's work Impressionist; rather, he was the last great humanist sculptor. Occasionally he became sentimental—here, for example, in the *Faunesse Debout*—but this was always the result of his relinquishing the particular; then his age, incapable of supplying him with any adequate outside mythology, forced him back into some smooth form of bourgeois escapism. In view of his period, the miracle is that, while retaining a positive faith, he was not sentimental more often.

At least a third of the works now on show are masterpieces. There is the woman sitting on her haunches, whose turned head has the dignity of a youth by Michelangelo, but whose squatting, self-absorbed pose suggests, without the slightest incongruity, the rank naturalness of an animal in its lair: an expression of the eternal dialectic between respect and intimacy, between the lover's high-flown image and the root of his pleasure. There is the *Mort d'Adonis*, Adonis laid flat on a rock, Venus screwing over him and all mourning gathered into the dark shadow of their touching heads. There is Polyphème, limbs whittled to dog-like energy. And then the late dancers. Personally I would give the *Kiss* (to be bought by the Tate for £7,500) for any two of these small dancing figures. They are as great as Degas', modelled a few years earlier: but quite different. Degas's dancers hold their poses for penance. Rodin's leap for joy. Degas's are patently heroic because they are victims of their own discipline; Rodin's, mysteriously, because they have impertinent snub-noses. Look at the Dancer "holding a bended leg with both arms in front of her": her bended leg, gathered struggling to her tummy—like a goat with a life of its own: her weight-supporting buttock tight as a bud, her shoulders—seen from the back—like pollarded branches, the taut muscles of her standing leg like the links of a clenched chain beneath the flesh. Or the dancer "doing a high kick": the curve of a bow established between her supporting ankle and the wrist of her opposite raised arm, her kicking leg plucking the string, the fingers of her other hand, the feathers of the shot arrow. One can try to describe the impact of such works by images, because they themselves are so precisely committed to their subjects. The simplifications and formal distortions, that conjure up these images, are not just the result of ingenuity, but of the artist's profound excavation. Such works on one side, and, for instance, the Pre-Columbian gods on the other, form the very portal of sculpture. There is, as the Unknown Political Prisoner proved, no back-door.

JOHN BERGER

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WATCH AND LISTEN

A NEW critic should surely be allowed to state some of his problems. Broadcasting has no shape and sprawls over the entire day and three main programmes: how, then, does a single man with only one pair of ears listen to it all simultaneously? Clearly, he must select and his choice must be arbitrary and will sometimes appear inconsistent, perhaps even frivolous. How does he hear of new talent in time: how does he grow the infallible instinct that tells him when to switch on? Nor is that the end of his troubles. The distinguished critics who appear on this page week after week can be sure of an audience: people have a practical interest in their work, for they want to know whether to go to a certain play or film. There is rarely this bonus for the radio critic. He is mostly dealing with things that are over and forgotten: he is for ever condemned to dress up cold dead meat.

But his greatest difficulty is that to criticise sound broadcasting is rather like criticising the London transport system. They are so part of our lives that we take them for granted and no longer see them freshly. We all know the merits and defects of the underground: the speed and regularity of the trains as well as the horrors—the clamorous advertisements, the S.S. porters who shout and bawl as they herd us into the lighted gas chambers. But it is only in times of dread, in a blink of outraged understanding, that these things come into focus and lose their familiarity. Somehow the radio critic must learn to step back and get free of the associations and memories of the past: above all, he must ask himself why broadcasting today is so much duller than it was in the inventive years. We forget that broadcasting, like the cinema, also has its martyrs—that Lance Sieveking, one of the original minds of the early days, has not produced anything in sound for nine years. Radio today makes fewer mistakes and is seldom absolutely silly; but it is far more pompous and far less exciting.

One of the reasons is that Broadcasting House as a whole is over-staffed. There are too many idle hands ceaselessly building larger and larger empires. Few of us would object to this if it stopped at an innocent waste of money, and indeed the over-staffing can be almost excused for the delightful comedies it provides for us. There is, for instance, the fabulous legend about the by-passing. It being very difficult to sack an old retainer, the story is that some method had to be devised for getting rid of the man who is so quarrelsome or so talented that he makes everybody's life a burden. In extreme cases every document is presumably sent to the official above or below him until all movement ceases. Many sterling characters must have entered the B.B.C. determined to be by-passed but few can have survived the rigours of the journey. The majority, we must suppose, fall to temptation and take to work in a big way. Others, as we all know, become harmlessly dotty and are found jobs on the Home Service or the Third where they usually do very well—very well indeed. But how splendidly the dedicated spirits shine in our imagination—all alone in a healing silence, reading their favourite novels, undisturbed except on feast days when a letter from some high functionary arrives, announcing the usual mechanical rise in pay. "In conclusion I should like to pay a tribute to your tireless efforts on behalf of the Corporation. It is the devotion of people like yourself . . ."

The serious side is that the feature writer—for he is the man chiefly concerned—is often preyed on and interfered with until he conforms to a pattern that has become sacrosanct. The proper relationship between the B.B.C. and its writers should be the same as between a good publisher and an author or a good editor and a journalist: however much advice is given—and every creative person at times needs advice and encouragement—the B.B.C. should always remember that in the end the writer knows best. Exactly the opposite has been happening in some of the dungeons of Broadcasting House. The new writer, unless he is powerful enough to resist, finds every sharp

sentence blunted. He is saddled with broadcasting clichés that are still thought to be original. He is passed from hand to hand, from room to room, from committee to committee, and so may have to recast his script several times. And the result is what we might expect: he either grows cynical or swears he will never write for the B.B.C. again. This pressure on the feature writer has been growing year by year and is so fatal to broadcasting that, if I survive, I shall return to it next week. HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"I Confess," at Warner's

"The Man Who Knew Too Much," at the National Film Theatre

In the first minute of *I Confess* a fat man crosses some hilly urban skyline and disappears into a building. It is Alfred Hitchcock. Usually the Hitchcock signature comes later, less obtrusively: in *I Confess* he felt, perhaps, he had excelled himself.

And so, I suppose, on recent form, he has. Here the murder makes the beginning—a few instants after our glimpse of the fat man; this is a he-dunnit, with the difference that the murderer confesses to a priest, who is automatically debarred from revealing his secret. Then the guilty man turns the tables on the innocent; the evidence points an accusing finger at the priest; he is arrested, tried, and lucky to find himself acquitted, but with an angry mob facing him. The end I won't disclose, except to remark that by this time the old ruts of thrillerdom have so claimed everyone that it's better to leave audiences to discover the roaring anticlimax for themselves.

This is a fair thriller. Almost its chief quality is Quebec, photographed with a rare sense of the topographical and the sinister. Then there is the thriller's relish of Catholicism, the long-robed priests, the candles, the confessional, and the thriller problem, should a priest tell? Since this has been done by Hitchcock, it is well but slowly done. His idea, nowadays, is to strike a note or chord and hold it as long as possible: one might call it the method of the suspended moment. Dark-shadowed backgrounds, indoor sunlight, close-ups, psychological problems hold the tension. But do they hold tight enough? I doubt it, even with *I Confess*, the best of his recent films. Its fault is that it reduces action, substitutes close-ups for understanding, and drama for thrills: it is, in fact, as obese as Hitchcock himself. He has enough mastery of style to imprint a sinister design, but there isn't really much more. *I Confess* seems, like all later Hitchcock, dreadfully long, and the anguish of Mr. Montgomery Clift in a cassock is little more than pictorial. The specious reality of his theme happened to be knocked on the head, for Londoners, by the arrival in the same week of *Diary of a Country Priest*: an obliteration he could hardly have foreseen, or if he had, guarded against.

Earlier—and how much better!—Hitchcock is to be found at the National Film Theatre. Are its fashions odd, does the heroine (Edna Best) amuse, is the acting stage acting and the dialogue sickly with its straining after a leisured world? No matter! After a talkative-tedious start, Hitchcock gets going, with winter sports visitors dancing at night in a Swiss hotel. In the rounded window, backed by dark mountains, appear the ghosts of dancers. Then there's the joke of a too bold lover to whose coat-button the husband has attached an unravelling wool string. Delicately the joke grows as the wool lengthens out and involves the faintly surprised dancers; they and we have just warmed to it when the man receives a shot through the window and dies. This trick of the laugh encouraged and cut short is used more than once; and at that time—1934—Hitchcock was full of tricks. What he felt about was the filming. *The Man Who Knew Too Much* rattles its way through spy stuff, in which gentlemanliness (Leslie Banks) will always win, and achieves two climaxes, one an attempted assassination during a concert at the Albert Hall and the other a sort of Sidney Street battle, both excellent. A younger Peter Lorre villains it beautifully. This, by the way, is the first of five programmes devoted to Hitchcock.

"The Seagull," at the Arts

It is the rarest thing—not unnaturally when so many people are involved—for everything, casting, direction, acting, to come together in a production to make perfection all round, and Chekhov above all dramatists demands this; one or two outstanding performances can't in his case carry the day. The Arts production, though honest, sincere and well-aimed, doesn't hit the mark full centre. This is largely a matter of casting. Frederick Leister is a perfect Sorin, John Arnatt has just the right touch for the doctor, but the others, though each gives a consistent, intelligent performance, are each out of focus. Miss Catharine Lacey is too sharp for Arkadina; she lacks panache, is not actressy enough. Mr. Michael Gwynne is too sensible for Konstantine, he misses the wildness of prolonged adolescence, has sobered down altogether too soon. Mr. Alan Macnaughton is too intense for Trigorin; he misses the weary routineering into which the middle-aged novelist has fallen. Miss Jane Griffiths is too Plain Jane for Nina; we see that she is a daughter of a good family, not the rebel who runs away. The combination of these misses adds up to a distinct blur which muzzes the outline of the image but by no means obscures it. The production is by John Fernald. Mr. J. P. Davis has made a new version which is not on the whole an improvement. Masha's opening line ("I'm in mourning for my life") cannot now be altered—anyhow for the worse. T. C. W.

"Airs On a Shoestring," at the Royal Court

An intimate revue, if it is to be a success, must establish a kind of underlying unity in the midst of its diversity, a tone which carries over the sudden changes of mood, the bewildering multiplicity of authorship, and it must be added, the weaknesses. *Airs On a Shoestring* has this tone, derived no doubt from its director and deviser Laurier Lister and proves itself a delightful entertainment, well worth the journey to Sloane Square. There are two high spots, the first a charmingly silly "round" sung and danced by the Prime Minister and The Chancellor which puts our economic position in the perspective of *perpetuum mobile*; the second a Guide to Britten sung by a male quartette and conducted deadpan by Max Adrian. This is a masterpiece of malice, in which the musical parody is as deadly as the verbal assault. Mr. Max Adrian has improved his revue technique no end. He has learned the value of restraint, and his portraits of a veteran novelist, Lover of Old Sweets, and of an improperly dressed Coronation peer are compact of wit and charm. Miss Moyra Fraser provides her odd angular flavour which is quite different, and Miss Betty Marsden is now a mistress of the exaggerated hiss and the terrible aside. Others who specially contribute are Miss Sally Rogers and Mr. Jack Gray. Librettist Michael Flanders and composer Donald Swann are responsible for more than half our enjoyment. T. C. W.

Arriaga Symphony, on the Third Programme

It has been exciting and sad to discover, during the past year, the existence of a Spanish composer of certain genius, who died before he was 20. Juan Crisostomo Arriaga y Balzola was born in Bilbao in 1806, developed rapidly, studied for some years at Paris, and died there in 1826. So much the dictionaries tell us, but dictionaries are full of forgotten names; and, until we had the chance of hearing some of his music, we had no particular reason for curiosity. The first shock—the publication, on a Nixa gramophone record, of two of Arriaga's three surviving string quartets—was followed a week ago by the first English performance of his only symphony, in D minor. In all these works the models are evidently late Mozart and Haydn, with romantic influences which make us exclaim "Schubert!" but which must be traced, if to anyone, to Weber and the opera, since nothing of Schubert's can have been known at that time in Paris. More important than influences are the constant flow of melodic invention, the perfect taste in scoring and the skilful ease of the handling. In the subordinate parts there is always something interesting going on; modulations are frequently unexpected yet never unconvincing. Nothing of Spain (and little of France) is evident in this music; but we cannot guess in what direction the marvellous boy would have developed. Possibly towards opera? Let us now please hear *all* that survives of his work—it cannot well be much; and let Mr. Blech and his players, who sounded deeply in love with their discovery, give us the chance, by repetition, to grow familiar with its beauties. D. S.-T.

Portraits by Contemporary British Artists at the Marlborough Galleries

Official portraiture has never been as incompetent and debased as it is today. More serious painters, like those in this show, have therefore reacted against so many slick memeatos of the mere trappings of personality, by emphasising that a portrait must also be an interesting painting in its own right. This is of course true, but there is a danger of the argument being taken too far, of the personality of the sitter being considered a mere incidental. Of the 50 paintings and busts in this exhibition only three really force one to recognise the sitter: Coldstream's Lord Jowitt, incisive and detached: William Scott's plaster head of Mr. Whitaker—Scott clearly has considerable talent as a comparatively representational sculptor—and Ruskin Spear's *Portrait of a Man*. A few others have a convincing mood, which is the next best thing: Robert-Buhler's wistful girl, Spear's schoolboy keen as punch to sit for him, Rodrigo Moynihan's sultry Fiori Henriques, Jehan Daly's elderly quiet man in a dark room. The rest are figure paintings or fantasies, not portraits: Gowing's indiscriminate tonal exercise, Minton's decorative idealisation, Freud's victims—always skilfully tortured in the same way. The four winners of the prize for portraits by students are deserving but unexceptional. Paradoxically it requires great self-knowledge to paint a profound portrait. J. B.

LA TRIBUNE DES PEUPLES

Independent · International · Socialist

The first issue of this new review, published in March (a few copies are still available), contains a special discussion of relations between the U.S. and France and Britain. The issue contains articles by G. D. H. Cole, Thomas Balogh, Daniel Guerin, Albert Beguin, Claude Bourdet, Norman MacKenzie, Fenner Brockway and others.

Number 2, to be published this month, includes among its contributors, Aneurin Bevan, Alfred Sauvy, R. H. S. Crossman, Ritchie Calder, Basil Davidson, E. S. Sachs, Georges Suffert, Andrew Roth, Douglas Rogers, Pierre Naville, Jean Daniel and Ahmed Boumendjel. It contains a discussion of the under-developed countries.

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Correspondence

SOUTH KOREAN PRISONERS

SIR,—The *Observer*'s correspondent reported from Munsan on April 25 ". . . This brings the week's total of released men to 600, including 400 South Koreans (who will spend the next six months behind wire for re-indoctrination) . . .," using brackets as if to emphasise the relative insignificance of this item.

We are often told that the war in Korea is a United Nations war, though from the little that is revealed about the policy discussions it seems that the allies of the United States have precious little say in how to run the war (or the armistice negotiations, for that matter). But here surely is a case where British public opinion should insist on its voice being heard. Apart from the tactical stupidity of giving the enemy a golden opportunity for propaganda, is it not morally repugnant that, after being released from captivity, troops, irrespective of their colour or nationality, who fought (so we were assured) to defend the highest principles and in the name of freedom and democracy, should be thrown back into prison camps to ensure that they learn only the sort of "democracy" that happens to suit the present rulers of S. Korea?

49 Clapton Common, E.5. A. SUPER

KENYA

SIR,—The Kikuyu 50 years ago were, I believe, about 500,000 in number. The British came and stopped raids; defeated malaria, blackwater and smallpox and introduced hygiene and law and order. The result is the Kikuyu now number about 1¼ million. We upset the balance of nature, and as they are polygamous and have lots of children, we are faced with a population problem for which, in a real way, we are responsible. Naturally they want more land—and must and will have it. The Governor has said so and we all agree. All men of goodwill want a Legislative Council which will be honestly tripartite. But does anyone think that in the Government of this colony Asians or Africans are fit to take equal responsibility with Europeans? If the Africans had more men of the type of Thaku, I would say "Yes," but the electorate of the Africans would put in agitators and men who cannot honestly be said to be fit to govern the country. My own view is that we ought to train responsible Africans through regional councils so that in time we could have a tripartite Legislative Council.

In those parts of the country where the Africans have splendid soil to cultivate, very few of them know anything about modern methods of agriculture; their old methods of conserving the soil have been forgotten and they have not learned the modern methods of putting anything back into the soil.

What would happen if we cleared out? I suppose the Indians would come in first; they are more interlopers than we and would make a much worse job of ruling. If both the Europeans and the Indians quitted, the land would go back into its primitive barbarism, for this is, at bottom, a struggle between civilisation and barbarism. EX-RESIDENT

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—May I briefly point out to Mr. E. H. Lane Poole that those of us who oppose federation in Central Africa do not need to falsify figures? An examination of any of the statistics relating to the issue, from the proportions of political representation proposed to the numbers supporting and opposing the scheme, gives us clear evidence for opposing federation on democratic grounds.

I wrote in your issue of April 18 that "about 50 per cent. of the electorate of 49,000 voted for federation." Mr. Poole objects, and would like to suggest that the figure should be 63 per cent. In fact, 25,570 voted for federation, which represents just 52 per cent. of the electorate.

Moreover, sixteen, not "some twenty," Labour Members abstained in the division. But they failed to convince the Labour Party in the House or in the country of their case for supporting the scheme. The fact is that both the Labour and Liberal parties, representing well over half the British electorate, oppose federation, and there is every indication that they are joined in their opposition by many Conservative voters. If federation is imposed, it will be against the will of the majority both in Britain and in Africa.

JOHN HATCH

SIR,—In writing of Mr. Welensky's threat of a Boston Tea Party to be held by the Rhodesian settlers if Her Majesty's Government dared to interfere by operating the safeguards for Africans to the full, Mr. Sachs has exposed the underlying reason for the Government's agreement to impose Federation and at the same time the basic cause of unrest in Africa.

British Governments for the last twenty-five years have become increasingly frightened of settler threats to take over the government of colonies and protectorates and have surrendered bit by bit their control of government and power to protect Africans. During the last war and since then the process has become more rapid. As settler influence in colonial government has increased, African unrest has grown. There is peace in Southern Rhodesia but it is an uneasy surface calm. Below the surface of African life memories of armed conquest conflict with the bitterness of a people robbed of the best of their land. In other colonies the revolt gathers force in direct proportion to the increase of settler influence in government or the threat of it.

The revolt in Kenya is being made the excuse for demanding greater settler control, but, if it was seen in its true light, a Protectorate policy would be adopted and would be carried out by the Colonial Office in such a way that every African would see that there was a new motive in their countries' government.

One can not hope that this will be done until the country's economy has been ruined and the settlers and Africans ruined with it. Then only will the Colonial Office be allowed to begin the laborious task of reconstruction.

The lesson that the Protecting Power must govern, and not a sectional interest, will not be learnt in time to prevent the government of Central Africa being handed over to the settlers. The same process of revolt, ruin and reconstruction by an impartial power must follow there.

African education in Central Africa and Kenya has not gone far enough to produce African administrators capable of governing alone a progressive State, but with the help of Africans the British Governments have achieved without bitterness and bloody revolt great things in colonies where settler pressure is not strong. If the settlers of other colonies would allow their countries to be administered in the same way they would share fully in the prosperity that followed. They do not realise this, and their influence is at present too strong for this path to be taken against their wishes.

In saying this I am not making an attack on the ordinary settlers. They are deeply involved in making a living. Their political leaders tell them that Colonial Office policy is anti-White and no one troubles to tell them the truth, which is that African prosperity and settler prosperity are interdependent, and that it is only an impartial authority that can hold the balance fairly and bring contentment to everyone.

THOMAS FOX PITT

"MARIA DUCE"

SIR,—Mrs. Florence O'Donoghue's article on Maria Duce is no longer applicable as this body is, to all intents and purposes, extinct. It never had the official sanction of the Roman Catholic Church here and early this year was forbidden by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin to hold public meetings and indulge in public propaganda. No doubt it has merely "gone under"; but it never had, nor is likely to have, the support of orthodox Catholics and was repeatedly attacked by the Irish Catholic weekly, *The Standard*.

The ban on Trinity College imposed by some County Councils does not mean that Protestants may not qualify for scholarships. They can, and many do, attend the National Universities in Dublin, Cork and Galway. Unfortunately, Trinity College is regarded by certain sections of the population as a "foreign" university and the last stronghold of the Ascendency. Trinity does, however, receive a substantial grant from the Irish government.

The ban imposed on Dr. Sheehy-Skeffington by the Vocational Education Committee was deprecated by the technical students themselves. Hundreds, who had come to protest, had to be turned away from the inaugural meeting and three of the four speakers on the platform defended Dr. Skeffington's right to speak, although the chairman of the Vocational Committee, who had been responsible for the ban, was himself in the chair. Dr. Skeffington's popularity as a public speaker has been greatly enhanced by this "incident" and he frequently takes part in unscripted discussions on that semi-government institution, Radio Eireann. The subject of the most recent discussion in which he took part was, ironically, "Freedom of Discussion in Ireland."

We have, in Ireland, unfortunately, some pressure groups which would like to govern secretly and against the wishes of the majority. We have, fortunately, a healthy democratic public opinion, particularly among the younger generation, which will protest against any form of victimisation. The outside observer should not be misled by the loud cries of the lunatic fringe. JOY RUDD

Ranelagh, Dublin.

MILLIONS WITHOUT WORDS

SIR,—Mervyn Jones' statement to the effect that illiteracy will not decline in years of peace is really an understatement. Certainly literacy is not a corollary of peace—but it could be. R. B. Cattell has authoritatively stated in his "Guide to Mental Testing" that a Mongolian imbecile can attain a reading age of nine years. This leaves a very small fraction of the population indeed who are preordained to remain illiterate.

However, although heredity has disposed thus, the Government has proposed otherwise. A year ago there were 35,000 classes with over 40 pupils in each and 1,200 classes with over 50. In addition there were 10,000 sub-normal children awaiting special education. These figures have since increased, due to cuts in the school building programmes.

Until we realise that education cannot be bought in the bargain basement, we must countenance an alarmingly high percentage of illiteracy.

ALFRED DAVEY

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PSYCHOLOGY AND VIVISECTION

SIR,—"A flat tray and a butcher's knife were placed before the subject, and he was handed a live white rat. He was then commanded to 'cut the rat's head off.' In the five cases in which the subjects refused to do this, the experimenter himself performed the operation in their presence. . . . When they actually undertook the act of decapitation, their final reactions were so hurried that the operation itself was rather awkward and prolonged." (*Recent experiments in psychology*, L. W. Crafts et al., 1950.)

Surely the anti-vivisectionist's bogy, the mad doctor with his cellarful of bandaged dogs, should be replaced in these days by the psychology research student. Not that the latter's callousness is so much greater, but because his experiments seem so much less worth while: the above test, for instance, was repeated 25 times during an investigation of *Facial Expression in Emotion*, and was designed, I suppose, to discover what people look like when they are cutting off a live rat's head. P. A. LARKIN

The Queen's University of Belfast.

THE ARTEMUS-JONES CASE

SIR,—The Artemus-Jones case, referred to in the article on "Libel" in your issue of April 25, has given its name to a class of libels arising from chance use of names unknown to the author, but there is very general misunderstanding of the facts of that case. Mr. Artemus-Jones (later Judge Sir Thomas Artemus-Jones) sued, not the writer of the newspaper article, but the proprietor of the newspaper, who knew the plaintiff, read the article in proof, thought at first reading that it referred to the plaintiff, yet allowed it to be printed as it stood. Clearly this was no case of publishing defamatory words innocently in relation to the person who claimed that he had been defamed. Section 4, sub-section 5, of Mr. Harold Lever's Defamation Act, 1952, provides that words shall be treated as published "innocently" only if "the publisher exercised all reasonable care in relation to the publication." It would seem, therefore, that under the new Act Mr. Artemus-Jones's case was not a "gold-digging" action. If it had been, the superior courts would almost certainly have sent it back for a new trial on the ground of excessive damages. Reasonable men, some of whom gave evidence at the trial, believed that the article (which purported to describe what the writer actually saw at Dieppe) referred to the plaintiff. Indeed, it was only when he found that his reputation had suffered damage that he felt himself compelled to bring the action.

MILDRED ARTEMUS-JONES

FESTIVAL COMMITTEE

SIR,—As writers who have taken a keen interest in the Edinburgh Labour Festival Committee, a body now proscribed by the Scottish T.U.C. and by the National Executive of the Labour Party, we would like to bring the following facts to the attention of your readers.

Until the formation of the Committee, just over two years ago, the rich cultural heritage of the Scottish working class had found absolutely no place in the Edinburgh International Festival. The Committee's record of achievement at the Festivals of 1951 and 1952 has been recognised by critics of international reputation as quite outstanding. In these years the Committee presented a programme of events ranging from the notable plays of Ewan MacColl (produced by Joan Littlewood, of Theatre Workshop) to popular *Ceilidhs*, which brought together folksingers of the first excellence from parts of Scotland as far removed as Barra and Buchan. In addition, it sponsored two other plays, a series of Beethoven concerts, a number of poetry readings in Gaelic, Lallans and English, and an exhibition of working-class art from Scotland and the North of England.

The two organisations which in 1951 came together to found this pioneering Committee were the Musicians' Union (Edinburgh Branch) and the Scottish Workers' Music Association. During both Festivals the Committee enjoyed the support of the working-class movement, including Labour Parties, Trades Councils, Co-operative organisations and Trades Union Branches.

In November, 1952, the General Council of the Scottish T.U.C. astonished the Labour movement in Edinburgh by sending out a letter to all Trades Councils, informing them that they could no longer be associated with the Committee. It was alleged that the Committee was Communist "sponsored" or "dominated." These charges were deeply resented by the members of the Committee (nearly all members of the Labour Party), who were firmly of the opinion that the decisions of the Committee had been reached in the usual democratic manner by majority vote. They knew very well that there was not one single Communist organisation affiliated to the Committee. So blatant was the falsity of the charge that the Edinburgh Trades Council made a vigorous protest to the General Council of the Scottish T.U.C., demanding the withdrawal of the ban. But, in spite of this, the National Executive of the Labour Party added its ban to that of the Scottish T.U.C.

Members of the Edinburgh City Labour Party voiced their objections so effectively at the recent Scottish Conference of the Labour Party that a resolution was passed deploring the high-handed manner in which the ban was imposed. Individual members of the Labour Party continue to assure us of their support. And although the Scottish T.U.C. has not budged on this issue, the Committee is still receiving loyal support from individual trade union branches.

HAMISH HENDERSON, HUGH MACDIARMID,
SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH

A RUDDY ERROR

SIR,—Last week, I had to go to Paris and it so happened that I travelled on the evening of London's flag day for the blind, when small red emblems were being sold in the streets. In the line up at Orly airport to show our passports, I stood next to an American woman who still had one of these emblems embedded in her fur coat. The official glanced at her passport in the usual perfunctory manner, then eyed the emblem severely. What was it? Was it a Communist badge? Was it a *manifestation*? By the time the enormity of all this had penetrated the language barrier, the American was in a state of high indignation and the situation dissolved in heated protestations and mutual ill-will. The next day, I mentioned the incident to a French Government official to see what his reaction would be. It was a resigned shrug. I had the feeling that, like me, he was sighing for France. D. WALWIN JONES

April Cottage,
Great Saling, Essex.

UNLOVED CLASSICS

SIR,—Nearly twenty-five years ago I had to "do", for Matriculation, Browning, Richard II and Elia. I have completely forgotten years ago the appearance of the texts used but I became rapturously intoxicated with the contents and have never been quite sober since. Browning remains, for me, the greatest Victorian poet and Richard II contains, for me, Shakespeare's most lovely poetry.

I suppose it is not surprising that the man who could thus set alight the mind of a "matric" student very soon after became the Head of a large northern Grammar school. I shall always be grateful to him even though I failed to sober up sufficiently to satisfy the examiners in such matters as physics and mathematics.

G. N.

A.S.S.E.T. AND C.A.W.U.

SIR,—In an advertisement of a public meeting in your issue of April 11, the Executive Staffs Branch of A.S.S.E.T. state that theirs is "the union for managers and executives in industry and commerce."

Had they said "*a* union . . ." I would have no quarrel with them. However I feel that their claim to exclusive rights cannot go unchallenged. Your readers should know that there is another union, the Clerical and Administrative Workers Union, which for over sixty years has specialised in organising and representing office workers and administrative workers in all walks of life. JOHN MAY

"Refugees in heart-breaking need — Children, old people and the sick suffer great hardship." Such reports continually arrive from relief workers among Europe's 9 million uprooted refugees, and from the Middle East. Now "an avalanche" of new refugees pours into Berlin. *Please* send a gift to help one stricken family.

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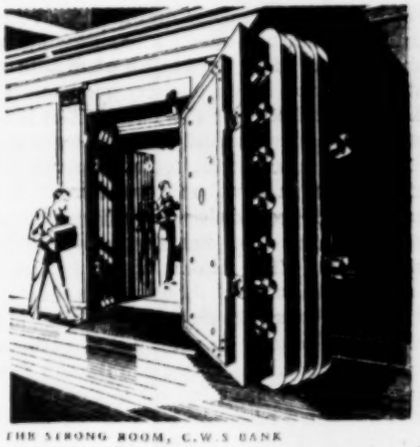

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Books in General

Of all the branches of journalism dramatic criticism, for some reason, seems to be the most attractive, even to the inexperienced. The cynical are wrong in accounting for this—as they frequently do—by explaining that dramatic criticism is the one branch of journalism that needs, apparently, no qualifications whatsoever (dramatic critics in the course of the year are forced to the conclusion that this is no less true in some cases of the professions of acting and playwriting). The real explanation is simpler and more creditable. The fact is that we all consider ourselves experts in drama and acting, for we are all of us actors of a sort, and have been since early childhood. We may not know how technically on a stage actors get their effects, but instinctively we all know what effects they ought to be aiming at and we can at least judge of the results. Acting is, or at least seems to be, the least specialised of the arts; it is only stylised behaviour and the one thing we all flatter ourselves we do know something about is human behaviour. Drama comes no less naturally to us. The Professors, giving it the capital letter, trace its origins to Greek goat dances and solemnly tell us that this or that tragedian added the invention of dialogue to the original choruses. But we know perfectly well that the origins of drama are to be observed on every street corner, and that any housewife describing her quarrel with the woman next door falls naturally into the dramatic form and retells the incident in dialogue: "She said to me, she said . . . and I said to her."

The Theatre, on the other hand, as a grand and glorious sanctified entity, is always trying to transcend its vulgar connection with real life. Under either of its aliases, Entertainment or Art, it tries to make itself a mystery *sui generis* to which only the initiates shall be admitted. The more it succeeds in doing this, the more vulgar, artificial, trivial and tinselly it becomes; and one major source of its perpetual warfare with the dramatic critics is over this very question. The kind of dramatic critic the Theatre likes is one who is himself an initiate, one who is soaked in its lore and fuddled with its chronicles, one who comes to it, in short, on its own intoxicating terms. There are and always have been such, and they have their uses. But they are not the best practitioners. The majority of dramatic critics, unlike the majority of theatrical folk, have one foot in life, sometimes even two. They look in on the theatre but they do not live in it. The very best, a Desmond MacCarthy or a Bernard Shaw, combines a passionate interest of some kind in real life with a passionate belief in the Theatre, and that is the ideal combination. But it is, of course, rare. The weight is usually tipped one way or the other, and then it is better, not only for the general reader but also, though it may not be recognised at the time, for the Theatre, too, if it is to the side of life that the scale inclines.

This was the case with Sir Max Beerbohm whose *Around Theatres** has just been reprinted. Sir Max confessed himself at the outset to being not the least stage struck. The younger half-brother of a famous actor-manager, he had been disenchanted with the Theatre since the age of ten. In so far as the unique Max could be said to be anything so generalised as representative, he was representative of the man of cultivated tastes to whom the Theatre was one of the several civilised pleasures. "I have not the advantage," he declared towards the end of his twelve years stint for the *Saturday Review* (1898-1910), "of being a really ardent playgoer to whom the Theatre is a temple of high ecstasies. I can enjoy *a* Theatre when there is a good new play well acted. 'The' theatre means little to me; and its past, nothing." For the ideal dramatic critic Sir Max was, perhaps, altogether too disinterested. There are in his long collection many interesting things said about acting and about plays, but they are said almost incidentally. James Agate, who before going to the revival of a play would take down from his shelves the volumes of his predecessors to prime himself with what they said, would have derived a very small amount of copy from the average Max notice. If it were *Romeo and Juliet*, for instance, that he was going to see, he would more likely find a witty disquisition on the differences between the Latin and the Saxon attitudes to love than a description of a performance.

Max, in short, is primarily an essayist. He concentrates on one aspect of the weekly (as opposed to the daily) dramatic critic's functions—one, incidentally, that brings the critic and the actor into sympathetic reference to one another—his function as public performer. Each week he gave a characteristic performance. And, one must add, what a performance! The most dazzling turns are already known perhaps from the Anthologies, the article establishing that Rudyard Kipling must have been a pseudonym adopted by a lady; the praise of Benson and his company for their skill at—cricket; the brilliant parodies of Pinero and of Shaw; the devastating analysis of *Peter Pan* which begins "Or, adds Mr. Barrie, The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up. And he himself is that boy," and which ends with a different discovery. Mr. Barrie's preoccupation with children, says Max:

> forces us to suppose that Mr. Barrie has, after all, to some extent, grown up. For children are the last thing with which a child concerns itself. A child takes children as a matter of course, and passes on to more important things—remote things that have a glorious life in the child's imagination. A little boy does not say "I am a child," but "I am a pirate," or "a green-grocer" or "an angel" as the case may be. A little girl does not say "I am a little girl, and these are my dolls, and this is my baby-brother," but "I am the mother of this family." She lavishes on her dolls and on her baby-brother a wealth of maternal affection, cooing over them and . . . stay! that is just Mr. Barrie's way. I need not, after all, mar by qualification my theory that Mr. Barrie has never grown up. He is still a child, absolutely. But some fairy once waved a wand over him, and changed him from a dear little boy into a dear little girl.

The criticism is just, but the line is dangerous: it invites the *tu quoque*. Few people, we now know, are completely grown up all round: we all have larger or smaller pockets of immaturity, and these pockets are commonly also the pressure chambers from which the creative energies jet and spurt. Would it not be possible from these pages to pose the theory that Max himself was stuck at the age of the dandified undergraduate? In an essay on a music hall, the Tivoli, he gives us a nostalgic glimpse of that period of his youth:

> Here, in these very stalls, I would often sit with some coæval *in statu pupillari*. Lordly aloof, both of us, from the joyous vulgarity of our environment, we would talk in under-tones about Hesiod and Fra Angelico, about the lyric element in Marcus Aurelius and the ethics of apostasy as illustrated by the Oxford Movement. Now and again, in the pauses of our conversation, we would rest our eyes upon the stage and listen to a verse or two of some song about a mother-in-law or an upstairs lodger, and then one of us would turn to the other saying, "Yes, I see your point about poor Newman, but . . ." or "I cannot admit that there is any real distinction between primitive art and . . ." Though our intellects may not have been so monstrous fine as we pretended, we were quite honest in so far as neither of us could have snatched any surreptitious pleasure from the entertainment as such. We came simply that we might bask in the glow of our superiority—superiority not only to the guffawing clowns and jades around us, but also to the cloistral pedascules who, no more exquisite than we in erudition, were not in touch with modern life and would have been scared, like so many owls, in that garish temple of modernity, a Music Hall, wherein we, on the other hand, were able to sit without blinking.

It would perhaps be malicious to suggest that Max was stuck permanently at that stage, but one can see that it is the qualities peculiar to it that, refined and sharpened, are the dominating characteristics alike of attitude and style. The love of paradox and the calculated shock, the carefully chosen affected word, even the very air of tremendous worldliness which, because it is "an air," has the flavour of pose about it—these are some of the special qualities of the young dandy. These pages are prinked out with flowers from that soil, for instance of Sarah Bernhardt, "Her Hamlet was from first to last *très grande dame*": or of dramatic criticism—"Mr. Walkley seems to contend that signed articles are the panacea. But there is one insuperable obstacle to the general use of signed articles in dramatic criticism: most of the critics, I am convinced, cannot sign their names": or of a season of Italian plays with Duse, "Night by night, the English public sits solemnly at the Lyceum (having paid higher prices than it pays for a play in its own language) tremendously bored, tremendously edified."

Yet in the end is one saying anything else but that Max is pre-eminently a wit? And, though we English by nature distrust wit, being frightened by it—we don't feel it can be taken seriously and everyone knows we like to take our pleasures seriously—need criticism always be solemn to be acute? May we, in our day, learn just as much from Mr. Hope-Wallace—Max's nearest contemporary successor—as from the more solemn lucubrations of well-you-know-who? Max, in opening a criticism of a stage version of *Tell*—"I do not like a novel in an illustrated edition"—concentrated all there is to be said about the always disastrous attempts to transpose one medium into another. Anyhow, so large a proportion of the life of a regular dramatic critic is passed driving through Sloughs of mediocrity, interspersed with slums of trash, that he may well be forgiven—he should, indeed, he congratulated—for making what fun he can out of

* *Around Theatres*. By Max Beerbohm. *Hart-Davis*. 30s.

the dismal nine-tenths of his journey. His rewards come with the periodic heights and when these arrived, Max responded in a different style. He used his irony brilliantly to keep Pinero in his place against colleagues who scattered their "masterpieces" and against dons who, in inaugural addresses, collocated him with Æschylus, Mæterlinck and Ibsen. But when so truthful a play as Galsworthy's *Justice* is sniffed at by his colleagues he writes magnificently in its defence, even though by temperament he did not admire this kind of realism. At the time when he was practising (the first decade of this century) Ibsen was already old-fashioned and the dandy is, of course, an arbiter of fashion. "Ah those Ibsenite ideas, how quaint and tedious they have become! how little we care to hear them again! That is the dangerous thing about new ideas: they are old so soon". What Max desired to see was the birth of "the drama of modern phantasy"—a movement which he hoped was heralded by *The Admirable Crichton*. That was a single swallow. But the drama of modern phantasy was indeed being created in histories. Its creator was Bernard Shaw. Over G. B. S. Max confessed to wavering; but the wavering was only between the very highest praise and the highest.

But we come back in the end to the point from which we started. As an essayist, Max is delightful, as always: as a dramatic critic he is disappointing. We do not need to be stage-struck to want to know more about contemporary acting and styles of production than we are given here. The brief allusions to the players which often wind up dramatic notices have, he tells us, been cut. This is, perhaps, no great loss, although even these would have served to remind us of what he was meant to be about. But Max's attitude towards actors is clearly summed up by his referring to them always as "the mimes." Doubtless he would justify this by explaining that there is no collective noun for them embracing both the male and the female; and it is quite true that it is cluttering to have to refer continually to "actors and actresses." But "the mimes" really won't do. Anyone as sensitive to language as Max knows that its implications are derogatory.

T. C. WORSLEY

ON READING A SOVIET NOVEL

Will not the Local Party Secretary
Prove that his love of men's not innocent:
The heroine at last be blown off course
By some base, gusty, female element:
And the grave hero be eventually torn
By a disgraceful infantile event?

No, in this world the good works out its course
Unhindered by the real, irrelevant flaw.
Our guilty eyes glaze over with ennui
At so much honest purpose, rigid law.
This is not life, we say, who ask that art
Show mainly what the partial butler saw.

And yet with what disquiet we leave the tale!
The mere appearance of the descending Goth,
So frightful to a sedentary race,
Made him invincible. It is not wrath
That breaks up cultures but the virtues of
The stupid elephant, the piddling moth.

The threatened empire dreads its rival's arms
Less than the qualities at which it sneers—
The slave morality promoted to
A way of life: naive, old-fashioned tears
Which once it shed itself by bucketsful
In nascent, optimistic, long-dead years.

ROY FULLER

CHARACTER IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

Exploration Fawcett. By LIEUT.-COL. P. H. FAWCETT. Edited by BRIAN FAWCETT. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Colonel Fawcett stands there at the portals of his book (a collection of letters, log-books and records made by his surviving son) wearing leggings and reefer jacket and fur cap, staring us straight between the eyes with a look that demands obedience, integrity and a healthy body; he has a beard and fierce moustaches and he sucks at his pipe, fearless and incorruptible. One wonders what he would have said to the young Peter Fleming with his Isis manner and his bright debunking ways if the Brazilian Adventure had really come off and the dubious Major Pingle had led the young man successfully to the old lion's lair. "It had been comedy that I looked for from Brazil," Fleming wrote, and he had little sympathy with the lost cities and the white Indians of Fawcett's dream. But somehow the comedy now is a little thin and dated, and it is Fawcett's romanticism that remains excitingly alive.

One is glad to read that Fawcett knew Rider Haggard, who presented him with a black basalt image said to have come from one of the lost cities and described by a psychometrist to whom Fawcett submitted it as "a maleficent possession to those not in affinity with it, and I should say it is dangerous to laugh at it. . . ." When these two men, the novelist and the explorer, met, at least one character in search of an author had successfully completed his quest. Sir Henry Curtis, as far as I remember, had no son, and Allan Quatermain lost his at an early age, but surely if their author had been kinder to those two characters, this would have been the very way in which either of them would have planned his final expedition.

> My eldest son, Jack, will accompany me on the next trip, and the third member of the party will be his school friend, Raleigh Rimell, who at present is in Los Angeles, California. Raleigh I have not seen for a long time and therefore know little about his physical condition to-day, but Jack has the makings of the right sort. He is big, very powerful physically, and absolutely virgin in mind and body. He neither smokes nor drinks. Nor do I.

One smiles a little at the traditional boy's-book style, but it is with the affection one accords to "Ballantyne the brave." "Please accept a *copa of chicha, seniores.*" "A large sounder of peccary had come across the river, chased by a stealth of hungry jaguars." The style is rich, romantic, loose, but somehow through the verbiage and the extravagant anecdotes emerges an impression—a sense of wild nature, mystery, fortitude and doom. Perhaps we should not quite have believed the whole story—of cannibals and buried treasures, poisoned arrows, strange lights burning for ever in old ruins, of serpents sixty feet long, and terrible barbarities in small frontier towns—we might sometimes have suspected exaggeration, if the truth of the narrative had not in a way been sealed and attested by death. The young Fleming made a joke out of the unreal dangers of the Brazilian jungle, the *piranas* that did not tear the flesh, the savages who never drew bow, but the silence of these three—the old lion and his virginal cubs—after they set out from Dead Horse Camp is more eloquent and more convincing.

I think no reader's imagination can fail to be touched by some part of this book—my own was touched by the constant appearance of those almost symbolic figures, the kindly hospitable Germans who seem always to crop up unexpectedly on the boundary of the wild; I have met them myself in Chiapas and Liberia—and I found very moving too Fawcett's account of the ghost city of Matto Grosso.

> When human beings are banned from a dwelling they inevitably leave behind some shreds of their own personalities; and a deserted city has a melancholy so powerful that the least sensitive visitor is impressed by it. Ancient ruined cities

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JOHN MURRAY

have lost much of it and do not impress in the same way. It is the places abandoned in the recent past that clutch most at the visitor's heart. . . . . In the debris of a church I found the remains of what had once been the Bishop's ceremonial chair.

The objective of Fawcett's last expedition was Z—the great lost city reported by Francisco Raposo in the eighteenth century and never again discovered. To those who have visited Angkor which was only found in the nineteenth century, a city of temples so vast that four days are insufficient to allow one to inspect it properly, there seems no particular reason to doubt that equal marvels may remain buried in the Brazilian jungle. Men have died for far more extravagant dreams. Was there more sense in the polar quests? One remembers Scott's last letter from his snowbound tent, and Fawcett's final words from Dead Horse Camp deserve to be remembered with it.

> Raleigh I am anxious about. He still has one leg in a bandage, but won't go back. So far we have plenty of food, and no need to walk, but I am not sure how long this will last. There may be so little for the animals to eat. I cannot hope to stand up to this journey better than Jack or Raleigh, but I had to do it. Years tell, in spite of the spirit of enthusiasm. . . . You need have no fear of any failure.

GRAHAM GREENE

HISS AND CHAMBERS

The Strange Case of Alger Hiss. By LORD JOWITT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20s.

Alger Hiss is serving his prison sentence, but his case still fascinates and mystifies. It has been the subject of a Congressional investigation, two sensational trials and subsequent appeals, while the facts, the issues and the rumours have been rehearsed in a flood of articles, in two books by observers and a third by Chambers himself. Yet anyone who reads the mass of evidence is bound to feel that vital questions remain unanswered and that the mystery remains unsolved. "I should not be honest," Lord Jowitt writes at the end of his brilliant analysis of this complex case, "if I said that my doubts had been allayed." This is not the judgment of a layman, biased by sympathy for Hiss or distaste for Chambers, but the verdict of a former Lord Chancellor, who has brought his legal experience to a careful review of all the testimony and the exhibits.

Lord Jowitt, naturally enough, is careful to avoid any categorical claim that Alger Hiss was the innocent victim of forgery and conspiracy, or that his conviction was irregular or improper. But he expresses his doubts so forcibly, and throws a new light on so many parts of the evidence—much of which, he says, "would have been regarded as inadmissible" in our own courts—that any honest reader of this book is bound to be infected by his misgivings.

Hiss was convicted on the testimony of Whittaker Chambers, corroborated by three sets of documents—four memos in the handwriting of Hiss, a set of papers allegedly typed on the Hiss family Woodstock, and photographs of other documents (the Pumpkin Papers) extracted from the files of the State Department. If the story told by Chambers can be shown to be false, or if some other explanation of the way those documents came into the hands of Chambers can be given, then the case collapses.

Now Lord Jowitt has no difficulty in showing that Chambers perjured himself on several occasions, that his story—and some of the vital dates and allegations—changed as time went on, and that he was unable to produce any witnesses effectively to support it. Even if the evidence of Mrs. Chambers and of Edith Murray, employed by the Chambers in 1935-36, is accepted completely, it proves nothing more than that there was some association between Hiss and Chambers at that time—a point admitted by Hiss himself.

Lord Jowitt uses the word "perjury" with reason: Chambers several times testified on oath after he had turned informer that he had no evidence of any espionage activities and that he had no official documents. He seems to have taken his oath lightly, although he had become an Episcopalian in 1940 and a Quaker in 1941. It was only after he was forced to defend himself in the libel action that he began to accuse Hiss of anything more than Communist sympathies, elaborated the story of the spy ring, and produced the now famous documents. His explanation of this was that he "wished to do as little injury as possible" and, by his earlier testimony, give his fellow-conspirators the chance to find the "kind of grace" that had been vouchsafed to him. This excuse, as Lord Jowitt points out, would sound more convincing if Chambers had not already asserted, in 1946, that Hiss was engaged in work "far more important and cunning" than mere espionage. It is hard to avoid Lord Jowitt's conclusion

> . . . that either he had told the most shocking lies to the House Committee in denying that he had any evidence of espionage, or that his later story was a complete fabrication to escape from the difficulties of the libel action.

This is only one of the many aspects of Chambers's testimony on which Lord Jowitt casts scathing doubt. There is the early charge, with which the prosecution made no effort to proceed, that both Donald and Alger Hiss were dues-paying Communists. The "accusation against Donald Hiss completely broke down," and no reference was made in the trial to the payment of dues by Alger Hiss. This, Lord Jowitt suggests, is "the most extraordinary feature" of the case. If Alger Hiss had paid Communist dues, as Chambers alleged on oath, then this would have been much stronger evidence than the tortuous attempt to buttress Chambers's credibility by deductions about the transfer of the Ford car, the purchase of another, and the gift of a rug from Chambers to Hiss. Yet, astonishingly, Chambers was never questioned in court about this allegation, and he does not elucidate it in his autobiography. If he was lying about this, then all his testimony is open to the gravest suspicion.

There are many other points, apart from the damning documents, about which Lord Jowitt asks pointed questions. But he deals especially with one that, in following this case, I have always found one of the most difficult to square with the assumption that Hiss was innocent.

On November 23, 1937, when Chambers was preparing to break out of the underground, he bought a new car and paid down $486. Of this sum, he claimed, $400 was given to him by Hiss. Now it is a fact that, on November 19, Hiss withdrew $400 in cash from his bank, leaving very little in his account. His explanation was that he was preparing to move to a new house and needed the money for furnishings. But the evidence suggests that either Hiss did give Chambers the money, or that Chambers was fantastically lucky in alleging that Hiss gave him such a sum at that date, only to find, when the Hiss account was later produced in court, that a similar sum had been withdrawn at the right time to support his story. Mr. Murphy, the prosecutor, rightly made much of this. But, Lord Jowitt points out, Chambers was working closely with the F.B.I.—on his own testimony he spent from 10.30 to 4.30 with F.B.I. agents, five days a week, for more than three months before the trial. This, first of all, "gives rise to the suspicion that the witness is being 'coached'." Secondly, the F.B.I. had obtained access to the Hiss account in February, 1949.

> If they revealed to Chambers that Hiss had withdrawn $400 only four days before Chambers purchased his new car, the significance . . . seems to me to disappear altogether.

This, it is worth noting, is not the only item of evidence where there are signs that Chambers was "helped" to remember.

But, of course, the case really rests on the documents and the typewriter. Lord Jowitt does not take account of the research which the defence lawyers have done since the trial, and which they submitted to support their petition for a new trial, whereby they seek to cast doubt on the authenticity of the Woodstock, and to show that forgery of the documents was technically possible. He does argue, however, that it is most unlikely that the four handwritten memos were prepared for espionage purposes, and suggests that the explanation given by Hiss—that they were part of his normal office work—is far more convincing. He argues, too, that it is most unlikely that Hiss could have had access to several of the "Baltimore" papers. At least one of these came from the Far East section of the State Department, in which, internal evidence indicates, Chambers had another "source" so far undisclosed, and many more of them came from the Trade Agreements section, where Julian Wadleigh was admittedly stealing documents and turning them over to Chambers. Finally, Lord Jowitt considers it highly improbable that Hiss, an intelligent man, would have been so bad an intelligence agent as to leave his initials on documents turned over for photographing or to use his own typewriter to copy documents which might conceivably fall into the hands of counter-espionage agents.

The documents in the case are crucial. If Chambers is shown to be lying about any one of them, then the "mute evidence" of others must be accepted with the greatest reservations. And I think that Lord Jowitt not only shows that the handwritten memos, at least, are more easily explained by the defence than the prosecution, but I am convinced that he proves Chambers was lying about the documents he claims to have received from Hiss when he was working for the Nye Committee—the "first act of treachery" Hiss is supposed to have committed. There is no evidence that these documents were secret, and there is no reason why Hiss should not have told the truth when he said that he gave Chambers these documents quite properly, for his story is that he then knew Chambers as George Crosley, a free-lance journalist.

Yet, if Chambers was lying about these non-important documents, why should he be believed about the more crucial and later ones? Could it

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be that these "legitimate" Nye Committee documents were the only ones that he in fact ever received from Hiss? Could it be that the whole "espionage" story is a fabrication, and that Chambers acquired these documents in some other way as, in his own words, a "life-preserver," and that he only dragged them out and bolstered them with an elaborate story when he, and the members of the Un-American Activities Committee, were staring ruin in the face, and when the libel action threatened him with financial disaster and possible criminal prosecution? And is it conceivable that Hiss would have pressed the libel action, merely having been called a Communist, if he knew that he had in fact given incriminating documents to Chambers in the past which would prove, not Communist sympathies, but treason? The reader of Lord Jowitt's important book must answer such questions for himself. If he feels he can answer them with conviction, he will be on the way to solving the most puzzling case of this century.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE SECOND SWAN

Marie Corelli. By EILEEN BIGLAND. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

The storyteller's gift is like that of the calculating-boy, native, unpredictable and marvellous; not possessed by every novelist; not to be acquired or sustained by art; and certainly not to be under-valued. For those who hope, as we incline to do today, to find a clue to the phenomenon in the life of its owner, the story of Marie Corelli (1855-1924) which is now offered to us by Miss Eileen Bigland, provides a clearer instance even than that of her near-contemporary Ouida, the subject of Miss Bigland's previous study. For there is a touch of genius about the earlier writer which complicates the picture, and makes her as fantastic as any of the creatures of her novels. Marie Corelli, for all her ranging imagination, was no exotic. Her chosen home, for the last twenty-five years of her life, was not Florence but Stratford-on-Avon. Five feet high, soulful, plump and "winsome" (a frequent contemporary adjective) her face, except for its grimly determined mouth, the full-blown rose of a thousand charming picture postcards, she belongs to the age that produced not only Dorian Gray but Mr. Pooter. To combine the manners of the one with the morals of the other was the peculiar triumph of her novels. Miss Bigland, a vivacious writer, does not add substantially to the work of previous biographers; distinction is not her quality; but she tells her story with good humour, and the story itself is worth the reading.

These facts have been obscured, for they were not conventional; but there is little doubt that Marie Corelli's father was the Victorian journalist Charles Mackay, at that time editor of *The Illustrated London News*, and her mother a young widow who six years later became his second wife. Returning from a sojourn in America, where he had been reporting on the Civil War for the *New York Times*, he collected the ten-year-old Mary (or Minnie) and her mother from their London lodgings and settled in a country house near Box Hill. The golden-haired, unchildlike child caught his interest, first as an amusement, then as an investment. She was brought up to be a prodigy. Her first public appearance, in 1884, was as a concert pianist in a Harley Street drawing-room, where to an audience that included Swinburne and the American Ambassador, she played fifteen original "improvisations," composed as she went along; a notable performance. Her musical career did not last; her father had not cared to give her a technical background. But the taste of success remained; so did the need for money. She turned to writing.

One must respect the scope, as well as the Pre-Raphaelite detail of the work conceived in the Kensington back drawing-room. A manuscript facsimile in an earlier biography suggests that, like Stratford's earlier swan, Miss Corelli never blotted a line. Onward flow the unfaltering paragraphs. *The Romance of Two Worlds* (1886) deals with the after-life, and the mystical power of electricity; *Vendetta* (also published in 1886) is a Neapolitan melodrama; *Thelma* (1887), a tale of marital virtue in a wild Norwegian setting; *Ardath* (1889), "a spiritual argument against atheism, materialism and Paulism," sweeps us, by way of a Caucasian monastery, to ancient Babylon; *Wormwood* (1890), which is about absinthe-drinkers, returns us to the Parisian underworld. It was on the first of these that her publisher, George Bentley, wrote:

> I think it will be considered by some as the production of a visionary. The writer's ecstatic descriptions are scarcely to be paralleled outside the Arabian Nights. What (he added) my prosaic nature cannot get over is the belief that a human being, highly endowed with electric power can, by simply willing it, send another human being literally on a voyage to the Moon.

This did not prevent him from placing the new author on his list. Of her remaining books, nearly thirty in all, the best known are *The Mighty Atom* (1896), an attack on "Progressivist" (that is, atheistical), education of children; and *The Sorrows of Satan* (1895), a Faust-story set in late nineteenth-century English high society. It contains also a number of thrusts at the literary world. The Fiend recommends his hero, an unacclaimed writer, to start a "high-class half-crown magazine," to have the pleasure of rejecting his rivals' manuscripts.

The problems in her own life were not like those in her books. The chief of them came from her half-admiring relationship with the two surly and disappointed men, her father and half-brother, who resented the success that it was in their best interest to foster. Verses of both are to be found in *The Stuffed Owl*, though Charles, certainly the abler of the two, appears, too, I recall, in a post-Palgrave edition of the *Golden Treasury*. But her triumphs might have been of her own invention. In *The Sorrows of Satan* we find the phrase, as an advertisement to the hero's book: "*Ere long, everybody who is anybody will be compelled to read this remarkable work.*" This remarkable sentence might have been said with truth of almost any of her novels. Mr. Gladstone (in 1889) called at her home and stayed two hours. "I recognise in you," he said, "a great power to move the masses and sway the thoughts of the people; it is a wonderful gift, and mind you use it well . . . . There is a magnetism in your pen which will influence many." At Homburg she caught the admiring eye of the Prince of Wales, and became his guest and friend. Queen Victoria desired to see each of her books as it appeared. Ella Wheeler Wilcox splendidly knelt at her feet at their first and only meeting. Her failures were also those of success: arrogance, quarrelsomeness, *folie de grandeur*. The people of Stratford did not desire the second legend that she offered them.

Yet her prestige in her day was not surprising nor the fact that her novels are still in brisk circulation in public libraries. In her own life, though she was neither discreet nor self-effacing, she was respectable to the point of prudery; her illegitimate birth—even though her parents later married—seemed to her not romantic but appalling; she chose, to the end, to describe herself as "adopted." For all their exotic flavour, the moral tone of her books is unimpeachable; and it was, when allied with her unfettered imagination, her most valuable asset. A peculiar acclaim awaits the fictional or dramatic writer with a "message," who takes care to describe the sins that he castigates. For purity. . . . The phrase comes irresistibly to mind. Yet, wonderful to relate, it is not the mid-century best-seller Miss Charlotte Yonge that it recalls, but another as many years later—Mr. Michael Arlen.

NAOMI LEWIS

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He records with gusto his early boyhood in the "Austria Felix" of Franz Josef, with the Emperor driving about his capital, always in uniform, in a smart victoria and pair with the gilded wheel-spokes reserved for Habsburg sovereigns. There he began his schooling at the noble and princely Theresianum (which had educated—or rather instructed—young monarchs such as the Khedive of Egypt), passing thence to the fascinating anomalies of Eton, followed by the sharp contrast of a year in the United States, and, again, of Oxford—where however his outstanding memories would seem to be mainly of his journeys abroad. He wandered up and down "Old Europe"; watched Dom Carlos, King of Portugal, who "could with a revolver shoot through a playing card sideways," and visited the burial-place of Catherine of Braganza at Belem, "where it used to be the custom of British visitors to leave their cards on her tomb." He attended in Naples the delirious first appearance of Caruso. He explored Turkey, and he came early upon Cyprus, the love of his life. He describes with humorous and equal zest the *Mevlevi* dancing dervishes of Konia (now, alas, abolished save in Egypt), and the *Metéora*—the "Mid-Air Monasteries" of Mount Athos; where the Archimandrite, fortified by an evening of the sour local wine and the rum provided by their guest, led his Chapter in roaring political ballads, and "went to bed in his boots, cassock and rimless top-hat, still smoking my cigar." The narrative is enhanced throughout by an illustrative wealth of story, unusual instruction, or whimsical excursus.

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Sentimental recollections also play their part in the attraction of **CHILDREN'S TOYS Throughout the Ages** (*25s.*) *by* ***Leslie Daiken*** who completes his study of children at play begun in **CHILDREN'S GAMES** (*18s.*). The charm of the traditional toy, the reflection in the nursery of changing adult life, the intrusion of the mechanical age—these are a few of the fascinating aspects of a work which is at once a social history in miniature and a standard work on an absorbing subject for teachers, parents and the general reader.

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research and record which he was to maintain throughout his career. Here "Juju" furnished examples of the sinister Leopard Men and Crocodile Men, the non-political, ritual counterparts of the Mau Mau's, wielding the added terror of effective and deadly spell-binding. Professional espousers of coloured (and preferably anti-British) causes will learn with surprised edification that in one of the Kenya Districts "the natives considered the functions of the white man as being to feed, to protect, and to amuse the black man."

If, like a young smart Aleck reviewer, I must in honour find something amiss, then I would oppose more than one illustration to a page, and I would suggest that "assassin" is not derived from *Hashishin*, the plural of Hashish, but from *Hashshāshin*, addicts to that wildly intoxicating hemp.

This richly various work abounds in graceful word-pictures: of hawking in the plains of Laodicea; of the starlit Waters of Daphne; while the score of the mournful melody of the Na'uras—the giant 60ft waterwheels of the ancient Syrian city of Hama—seems to invite an extemporary *passacaglia*. With (or against) these may be set a limerick having each of its five lines in a different language, and an engaging (though reverent) Pidgin English version of the First Chapter of Genesis.

Altogether, the book may be said to live handsomely up to its ambitious and challenging title, and to awaken in the reader agreeable expectations of its promised second and third volumes.

RONALD STORRS

THE YOUNG IDEA

Springtime. Edited by G. S. FRASER and IAIN FLETCHER. *Peter Owen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Springtime maybe, but not exactly the only pretty ring time; and if this is the best blossom on the bough it's a poor look-out for the fruit of the summer and autumn. But the title is a misnomer; either that, or youth now extends as far as the forties, for of the two score and more poets collected here too many are names one has been meeting up and down similar anthologies and the little magazines for the past ten years and longer. It happens, fortunately, that the best or most promising poets represented here are, on the whole, the younger ones; though even so the total impression the collection makes is one of a narrow sameness. Mr. Fraser and Mr. Fletcher do a brisk and generous round-up in their introduction: one admires the skill with which they make learned and plausible comment on material much of which is dead and has never been alive. "The diction of poetry by younger people, like its form, tends to display a new austerity." For smart young poets of the day the well-dressed man, it seems, is Mr. Empson. But there is no discussion of whether Mr. Empson's admirable and idiosyncratic verse is really a good model for young poets or whether, indeed, it could have been written by anyone who was not also the author of *Seven Types of Ambiguity* and *The Structure of Complex Words*. However ingeniously Mr. Empson's disciples write, what they write appears as pastiche or, when they try to modify his tone, Empson and flat soda water. And of Mr. Empson's disciples in this volume, Mr. Donald Davie, Mr. John Wain and Mr. A. A. Hartley are certainly not at their best here. One has seen better samples of all the poets whose work one knows in periodicals.

All the same, to attempt to write like Mr. Empson is at least to attempt to write well, and on the whole the Empsonians are the most successful poets in this book. The most promising new poets seem to me to be Mr. Alvarez, an Empsonian, and Mr. Thom Gunn, who is apparently still an undergraduate; he at any rate tries to get back beyond the fashions to Donne himself. There are pleasant pieces of Auden from Mr. Kingsley Amis and Mr. Bernard Bergonzi. But easily the best poem in the collection, the one that soars clean out of its setting, is Mr. Sydney Goodsir Smith's eight-line *There is a Tide*. Mr. Smith is doubtless helped by his Lallans, but I suspect he would still be the best poet even if he were writing in the Queen's English: the purity of his lyric utterance makes nearly all who surround him look what they are, earnest and well-intentioned versifiers. There are some good translations, notably some of Miss Ruth Speirs's of Rilke; and there are twelve pages of what is called "poetic prose": this is quite simply, as it always has been in English, a bastard.

WALTER ALLEN

NEW NOVELS

Heaven and Herbert Common. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 14*s.*

The Passing of a Hero. By JOCELYN BROOKE. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Face Beside the Fire. By LAURENS VAN DER POST. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Bread from Heaven. By HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

All human souls, as we know, are of equal and infinite value in the eyes of Heaven; but the fact remains that some are more interesting to read about than others. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Tilsley, therefore, that he has made so lively a novel out of what seems such unpromising material. Real gusto is required, for example, if conditions in the fruit and vegetable trade in 1919 are to be described in such a way as to hold the reader's interest; and Mr. Tilsley has it. Few of the characters are likeable although the author—again this is a point to him—does not really dislike any of them: not one is significant. Yet Mr. Tilsley dashes along for 448 densely printed pages, nosing excitedly into their hearts and minds like a terrier out for a country walk.

There is nothing in the author's point of view to offend comfortable lower-middle-class opinion. Jimmy the wide boy, the one that doesn't get caught, who uses others and kicks them aside, comes the appropriate cropper after a brief, spectacular career. Herbert the mug, who is always kind and good, who is trapped into marriage with Florrie when she finds herself with Jimmy's child, is left in his little suburban house at the end of the book, facing the future serenely and with all his homely wisdom unimpaired. Florrie learns to cease hankering for mink coats and telephones and will settle down to roast potatoes for the man she so cruelly wronged.

Where Mr. Tilsley really excels is in the description of office life: his account of that peculiar existence, with its jealousies, loyalties and humiliations, has the ring of absolute truth. Altogether *Heaven and Herbert Common* is a warm-hearted and sentimental book, and should be in great demand at the circulating libraries.

Nothing could be farther removed from the ebullience of Mr. Tilsley than *The Passing of a Hero*. Mr. Brooke writes a dainty, dessicated prose that oddly from time to time recalls the manner of Somerset Maugham. Nevertheless he too has succeeded in making a brick without much straw, or rather, out of straw that has already been used over and over again. It is just the story of the prep-school romance that peters out in later years which a certain kind of sensitive English author so dearly loves to write. Mr. Brooke has not been able quite to leave the prep-school behind: the scene where his idol reverberatingly breaks wind at the very moment when the headmaster is extolling him before the assembled school is worthy only of the restricted genius of Smith Minor. He would be well advised, also, to abandon the facetious capital letter as a literary device. In spite of all such drawbacks however the story is, surprisingly, a pleasure to read; and we hope now that no one will ever write it again.

The Face Beside the Fire deals with a tangle of lives, one acting violently on the other, with Colonel van der Post always at hand to explain

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with avuncular sweetness where each went wrong. The hero is a painter, whose wish and ability to paint dry up after an unwise marriage and who consequently takes to drink. Returning from a visit to his home in South Africa, he meets the woman of his dreams on board ship. The situation, by no means uncommon in life, takes a most original turn in the book; for his wife's solicitor is waiting at the harbour to tell him that the marriage must end. But before a new day can finally dawn, he has to make a spiritual journey back through the sufferings and resentments of his childhood and cure his troubles by laying bare their cause.

The book is written with many a purple patch, and its unreality is heightened by the method of narration. The author tells it in the first person, as by a friend of the hero, and yet gives a full account of scenes at which the "I" is not present. It is not a big point, but it has a confusing effect, and one which adds to the mistiness of the whole. There are nice descriptions of the South African scene, and comments here and there suggest a shrewd appraisal of South African society. One would have liked more of these and less of the Wayside Pulpit.

Bread from Heaven is the story of two refugees from Europe who come to America and settle in a small town. One is a lad in his teens, the other a little boy whose arms have been blown off by a bomb. Both are frightened, suspicious, obsessed by the horrible things behind them, and utterly dependent on each other. The people of the town receive them in different ways, some being eager to help out of a vague general benevolence, others anxious to find fault, still others able to offer a real friendship and understanding. The author writes from a full heart and with the very best of intentions: but she does this in such a high-flown style and with so overpowering an effusion of American sentimentality that she rather defeats her end.

HONOR TRACY

MARSHALL AID

Nineteen to the Dozen. By ARTHUR MARSHALL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Every Christmas we look forward, if to nothing else, to a review of girls' school stories by Mr. Arthur Marshall. What are the latest slang and gossip from that world? Does the headmistress snap? Is there a fellow-traveller in the stinks lab? (But is there a stinks lab?) Do ponies still beckon? What about make-up, and Martians? We rely on Mr. Marshall—more dauntless along these corridors than anyone since Pickwick—to keep us informed; and he doesn't let us down.

One of the Dumbleford girls should perhaps be allowed to review him, though in *Nineteen to the Dozen* he reverts only once to this favourite topic. This is very artfully kept to the last—"Lament for Miss Brazil": dorm-feeds are being almost discovered, letters steamed open, messages heliographed to Huns from the Observatory window, *Scootons-nous vite* sets the tone. Ah, those were the days! However, they won't presumably come back, and Mr. Marshall ends with a terrifying revelation of 1953.

Before settling to Miss Brazil we have been treated to the Marshall method with Holmes and Watson, operatic heroines, and Mrs. Humphrey's etiquette books of the late Nineties. Each of these is scholarly, urbane, protesting, a combination that with Mr. Marshall makes for wild fun. Quite irresistible is his exploration ("Ring For Our Boots") of the grandeurs and miseries attending life at 221 Baker Street.

A less devoted slave might well have found some of Holmes's habits a little wearing to the nerves. The constant "ping" of the hypodermic and the frequent snatches upon the violin (a Stradivarius, picked up in the Tottenham Court Road for fifty-five shillings) would perhaps have been bearable if they had been only idiosyncrasies. They were not. There were the "weird and often maldorous scientific experiments" and, more alarming, the "occasional revolver practice within doors." There were the "devouring of sandwiches at irregular hours" and the tendency to awaken Watson before dawn on frosty winter mornings (insupportable, even if it meant a trip to Chislehurst). There were the biting of the nails, the times when he "ran out and ran in," the refusal to make small-talk with the chatty Doctor, the clouds of the strongest shag tobacco. There was, horror of horrors, a recital at the St. James's Hall, with Holmes "gently waving his long, thin fingers in time to the music."

Who else does this half so perfectly as Mr. Marshall? Perhaps it is unkind and a little unpractical to expect him to confine himself to the nice horrors of mock appreciation; but they are his terrain. He is at home, too, in a "water" off the Rue de Rivoli, locked in and uttering such pearls of the French conversation book and of French poetry as will inappositely secure, he hopes, his release. He is excellent on food, English food in particular. He is good on mess-rooms and clubs; less good on actors, soldiers coming back, suburbs, unhappy marriages, where he shifts his ground to the short story. Here, affronting life, he behaves almost too well—daren't wink; and without the cultured wink is Marshall himself?

G. W. STONIER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Shakespeare: His World and His Work. By M. M. REESE. *Arnold.* 36*s.*

In some of the great houses of England your half-crown now earns you the services of a succession of guides; each stays put in his own section of the building, and when you have heard one out you follow the arrows to the next. To Shakespeare—the largest of all English mansions—the same technique has been applied, and in such a work as the Cambridge *Companion to Shakespeare Studies* the reader is passed on from guide to guide more than a dozen times. Even with good team-work this is a bumpy progress, like that of a football in the hands of a fast-moving three-quarter line. In the present volume, Mr. Reese makes himself responsible for the smooth conduct of the whole vastly informative tour. The same voice tells us that the population of Elizabethan Norwich was 15,000, that Thomas Kyd's poetry is most pleasing when his touch is lightest, and that Shakespeare makes no mention of the otter, the squirrel and the nightjar.

But although the scope of the book is encyclopaedic, covering the whole field of Shakespeare scholarship and criticism except in its most technical recesses, Mr. Reese has not produced an encyclopaedia. Admirably indexed as his book is, it will no doubt be much consulted by those required to show knowledge and appreciation of the dramatist upon set occasions. But the disinterested lover of Shakespeare who takes it up is likely to read it through as a balanced and integrated survey of its large and complex subject, conveyed in a consistently lucid and agreeable expository prose. It may be doubted, indeed, if there is a better comprehensive work on Shakespeare upon the same scale; and it is the more stimulating for being one man's achievement and one man's view.

A Country of Memorable Honour. By THOMAS FIRBANK. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thomas Firbank, walking through Wales to write his "guide to the understanding of the Welsh people," began wisely in the North. There the Man who Bought a Mountain—and even, for a while, farmed it—was, as he explains, "not altogether just another bloody visitor." His descriptions of the Wales of slate-quarries, reafforestation, and pedigree grass, interlaced with excursion trips into Welsh history, are lively enough, and the characters entertaining: Clough Williams-Ellis, for instance, with his carefully constructed ruin, and the logical lady who always knelt for that popular prayer "God Save the King." But on moving South, his sympathy waned. The beauty-spots—understandably, perhaps—embarrassed him; the hotels had annoyingly "allowed in another type" of tourist. And when, inspired by the history books and the furious Welsh opposition to hydro-electric power schemes, he investigated Welsh Nationalism, he found it—alas!—"as much anti-English as pro-Welsh." But "what," he challenged, "is *wrong* with Imperialism?"

When he reached Glamorgan, and realised that it housed half the population of Wales, he had only one chapter left. Just time to drop in on the B.B.C. and the *Western Mail*, and pay a flying visit to the Rhondda, where, by hallucination or some slip of the map, he found "clean farming country, fresh pasture, stock quietly grazing." This one-sided itinerary, however, helped him to preserve his belief in the "unchanging" nature of the Welsh people: "backward, suspicious, cussed and tortuous," yet their character is "like that of the harp . . . Stroke them with gentle fingers and there is harmony." We think of more than one of our Celtic contemporaries, and we wonder.

The Complete Poems of Lionel Johnson. Edited by IAIN FLETCHER. *Unicorn Press.* 26*s.*

This new edition has rather the effect of an interment. It is so patently definitive. All Johnson's poems—including the unpublished—have been gathered in, and prefaced by a short but comprehensive study of his life, work and literary context. Clearly there is no more to do, and these last labours have been performed, most fittingly, by a sincere admirer. One can't call them a waste of time; the sad thing is their odour of finality. The weird, ethereal sprite, the star of Winchester and Oxford, has come down to earth, and found his long home in a book of reference.

It is surprising, almost, how little of him has retained a thrill. Of course the *a priori* genius, the poet in poet's clothing, is a trifle suspect; and Johnson was admittedly a Peter Pan, chained to his wondrous youth and quite uninterested in reality. There is a great deal, therefore, that one can't expect of him. But he might still have magic and the singing voice—indeed, might have them more abundantly; and what surprises on a total view is just the slightness of his inspiration. Nothing could be more tenuous and rare. It is as though the famous *Morfydd* had been "given" him—and he had got it somehow wrong; but, although not quite right, it still has a unique enchantment. Then, a few pieces are more tentatively charming; and after that comes a great bulk of schoolboy verse, the kind he never ceased to write. Some poems (which get into anthologies) might serve as models of the uninspired. It may be urged that wholesale reading is in itself a blight, and in a way it is. But in another, one becomes attuned; one drifts into affection for the sad young man, and interest in the human flavour.

The Fine Art of Mixing Drinks. By DAVID A. EMBURY. *Faber.* 25*s.*

For "shaker-uppers" this is the book to end all books on cocktails. Mr. Embury has not produced a mere compilation of recipes—though if one sampled seriously the ample list which he gives, ranging from Sours through Pousse-Cafés to punches and possets, one would stand in need of the "Old Pepper" which he finally prescribes as a "picker-upper." His aim is rather to lay down the essential first principles on which to construct a cocktail which shall whet the appetite, stimulate the mind and please both palate and eye. His most emphatic command is that the prime quality to be achieved is that a cocktail must be "dry, yet smooth"; he rightly warns the amateur barman that, whether it be the base (gin, whisky or rum) or the "modifiers" (vermouth, lemon or lime juice) or flavourings such as absinthe, nothing but the best ingredients will work the trick and save the hangover. With equal firmness and correctness he withholds his blessing from concoctions in which cream—*e.g.*, the Alexander—plays a part, and those whose components are a deadly assortment of liqueurs calculated to make hideous the morning after. There are, in fact, only three cocktails—their bases being, respectively, gin, whisky and rum, plus the "Sidecar," a brandy-based variant of a rum cocktail. If the shaking of these four be mastered, and Mr. Embury's guiding principles kept well in mind, the pioneering amateur may experiment with added shades and nuances if he will; but probably without much gain. Mr. Embury's book was written with the American epiglottis in mind; but his sound advice holds good for English cocktail mixers, even though they, alas, can have recourse only with some trouble and great expense to those dry Cuban rums which make a perfect "Daiquiri," or the Bourbon without which an "Old Fashioned" has no character.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,210

Set by John Galloway

Contemporary poets, let it be imagined, were invited to submit Prize Poems celebrating the Opening of this year's Royal Academy. The usual prizes are offered for not more than sixteen lines from the prize-winning Poem. (Authorship to be duly attributed). Entries by May 12.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,207

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word comment on the Russian *volte-face* by any one of the following pairs: Dr. Johnson and Voltaire, Burke and Tom Paine, Talleyrand and Cobbett, the older and the younger Wordsworth, or George Orwell and R. Palme Dutt.

Report by Thomas Tusher

On the whole this was a very thin entry. Where was Talleyrand, where was Cobbett, where were Burke and Paine? Despairingly I turned from one Johnson-Voltaire exchange to another. I'd been hoping for fierce ding-dong dialectic, withering sarcasm, blast and counterblast, perhaps even for an imaginary conversation Landor-fashion. In fact most competitors were content with a simple expression of opinion mildly couched in the accents of Gough Square or Ferney. Both Doctor and Sage seemed very much below form on this occasion. E. W. Fordham neatly paraphrased Gibbon: "Voltaire (aside): *J'ai trouvé l'ours!*—and R. W. Gool made a gallant attempt at Orwell and Palme Dutt. There were no other incidental fireworks worth quoting.

First prize of three guineas to H. J. R., a guinea and a half each to Frank Dunnill and Elaine Morgan, and a consolation prize of half a guinea to E. Held for a brilliant half entry.

VOLTAIRE

Mon Ingenu n'y comprend rien! "Si ces gens à qui on fait grâce sont innocents on eût tort de les mettre en prison, s'ils sont coupables on a tort de les libérer—surtout les médecins. Il est bon de temps en temps de tuer des médecins, non pas pour *encourager les autres* mais pour venger un peu les morts. Peut-être en Russie les vengerait-on mieux en tuant tous les bourreaux mais, enfin, il faut laisser quelqu'un au Kremlin."

DR. JOHNSON

They may do as they please at home, I shall still mistrust them abroad. If two men pull contrary ways on a rope and one let go his end, the other is the victor. But he may be on his back in the mud. I wish that may not be our case with the Russians and, if it be, I wish we may be on our feet again before they have picked our pockets. H. J. R.

THE OLDER AND YOUNGER WORDSWORTH

Y.W.: My heart leaps up to see, forsooth,
A Peace-kite in the sky.
O.W.: So, once, did mine. To tell the truth,
I can't remember why.
Y.W.: Was it perchance the simple hope
That men, unbound by King or Pope,
Might dwell at length in peace?
O.W.: I scarcely know. My years increase:
It was some time ago.
Y.W.: Was it the e'er recurring Theme,
Renewed in recent days
By voices strange, as in a dream,
That all men walk—although they seem
To move in different ways—
Towards a single Goal?
O.W.: I cannot say. The years unroll
So fast I don't recall;
But t'was not, as I ween, a thing
Political at all.
Y.W.: Perhaps it was the song they sing
Within the Kremlin now,
Of Liberty for one and all,
And equal Rights for Great and Small . . .

Company Meeting

THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP COMPANY LIMITED

RESULTS OF 1952 GIVE REASONABLE CONFIDENCE AND HOPE.

STATEMENT OF THE CHAIRMAN

MR. F. A. BATES, Chairman of the Company, in a statement to stockholders for submission at the seventy-sixth annual meeting to be held on May 20 says:—

"We are a team of many thousands—with our eyes looking seaward for our living and our trade—with our hearts in the science of ships and in the art of their operation." These words from my 1948 statement were never more true than to-day. It is teamwork which remains the finest aid to our Company's navigation, at sea and in finance, and I thank all for their part.

Surplus at £3,624,648 is £273,000 higher than in 1951 after including £4,557,691 for taxation, itself £864,000 higher. The results give reasonable confidence and hope. Though costs have been swelling all services have had some success. The surplus is higher than 1950, considered a peak year, but the 1950 results were earned with less tonnage and competition.

Taxation allowances provide insufficient to pay for renewal of ships, a grave matter for our country and for shipping, and the future of our tonnage is being endangered by the impossibility of setting aside enough for replacement. General reserves are increased to £31,528,000, a rise of £2,520,000. The figures are large, but it is questionable if they are large enough when replacement is considered. Total dividend proposed is 16 per cent. and the carry forward is £1,253,888.

Our shipbuilding is proceeding smoothly; the only aspect which continues to cause concern is the growing cost of construction. The first of three new ships for Mediterranean trade, it is hoped, will begin service this summer. Of the two new large ships for our Canadian service, the keel of the first has been laid and that of the second is expected to be laid in June. The Port and Brocklebank Lines each have three fast ships building. Estimated shipbuilding obligations amount to £15,425,000.

The ships of the Group had a busy year; they steamed 3,869,000 miles, carried 3,160,000 freight tons, and over 270,000 passengers. In the North Atlantic, prospects for passenger traffic during the Coronation season are good. World trading conditions affect our cargo business in varying ways. In the North Atlantic, outward cargoes are good, but there is a shortage homeward. The same applies in the India, Pakistan and Ceylon trades, but in the Australian and New Zealand the reverse is the case. With such varying conditions it is difficult to forecast results. Fluctuations in commerce can be sudden and growing crops and increased production could improve cargo conditions generally.

We are an island people. It is therefore natural that we should look ever seaward and beyond for our living and trade. Without British merchant shipping we would continue to look in vain. In all operations the Cunard Company has continued extending old ties of friendship and forging new ones throughout the world. It is in such spirit of friendship and in continuing endeavour to give the service it inspires that the mainspring of Cunard fortunes rests.

PEACE . . . ?

J. B. FIGGINS,
R. PALME DUTT and
QUÆSTOR

discuss the prospects in articles entitled *"May Day and the Fight for Peace," "D-Day for Peace," "Calendar of Peace Moves,"* all in the May

LABOUR MONTHLY

(Founded 1921)

Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. OR WHY NOT TRY A HALF-YEAR POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION? 9s. from 5NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

O.W.: And equal heights for short and tall!
You're too ambitious, I'm afraid:
It was, as I recall, a Maid,
Communing with a Cow.

FRANK DUNNILL

GEORGE ORWELL AND R. PALME DUTT

O.: . . . but how do you reconcile this enthusiasm with your eulogies of Stalin? Naturally we feel some bewilderment.

D.: Call it "consternation." The capitalists, postponing their inevitable collapse by frenzied armaments-drives, cringe terror stricken lest their hypocritical lipservice to peace might—

O.: "Attack—never defend": the old tactics! But *I'm* not the State Department. About that *volte-face*?

D.: It isn't a defence you want—it's a General Confession. Because *you* were shackled by bourgeois morality, you imagine we are all ashamed of our beliefs. After Presidential elections, when America returns to what passes there for sanity, do her lackeys demand explanations of all the anti-British campaign speeches? No, they rush to lick the President's——

O.: Meaning Russia, too, needed to return to sanity? Be careful: analogies betray too much.

D.: You mean, as that decadent allegory of yours betrayed the conviction that the ruling classes are as superior to the workers as man to the horse? . . .

ELAINE MORGAN

VOLTAIRE

When Candide had recovered himself a little, he began to reason upon his new-won liberty. He enquired into the cause and effect and the sufficient reason that had induced Malenkov to grant him political amnesty. He took it into his head that since he had freedom he would be allowed to walk, talk, make love, count his toes—and consequently spend the rest of his days in unstinted idleness.

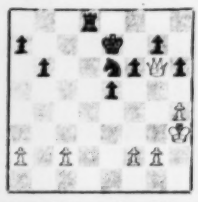
The same day he ventured to repeat these laudable designs aloud before a mixed assemblage. His harangue lasted several hours; the listeners, who appeared to entertain a strong inclination for the art of speech, never once clapped, yet all seemed thunderstruck by the force of his logic. When he had ended, a gentleman of the M.V.D. congratulated Candide by playfully tapping his head with a 70lb. sledge hammer and selling his carcase to a medical student for 1 kopeck.

E. HELD

CHESS: The Penalty of Greed

No. 187

"Over-confidence" may be the kinder term; but whatever we call it, most of us have some bitter experience of that great danger of over-reaching oneself. It may not be easy sometimes to win "a win" and actually to draw a draw, but it is most difficult to refrain from trying to win what really is (and ought to be) a draw. Take this position reached by Yates (White) against Alekhine at Kecskemet, 1927. It is quite clearly a draw, and Alekhine indeed had offered it a move or two earlier. But Yates, having won his great opponent's Queen against a couple of pieces earlier in the game and still flushed with the glory of the brilliant little combination that did the trick—Yates was, psychologically, in no condition to accept a draw. He could still have had it a couple of moves later by centralising his Queen, but after K-Kt2 he was doomed, even though it still was a most difficult (and highly instructive) ending for Alekhine to win.



(36)	P-Kt3	R-Q5!	(56)	K-B1	Kt-K3
(37)	P-R3	R-KB5!	(57)	Q-Kt3	P-B4
(38)	K-Kt2?	R x P	(58)	Q-Kt4 ch	R-B4
(39)	Q-Q3	R-Q5	(59)	K-Kt2	P-KKt4
(40)	Q-R6	R-Q2	(60)	P-B3	P-KR4
(41)	Q-B4	R-B2	(61)	K-B2	K-B3
(42)	Q-Kt4	R-B4	(62)	K-K1	P-Kt5
(43)	Q-K4	K-B2	(63)	K-B2	Kt-Kt4
(44)	Q-Kt7 ch	R-B2	(64)	P-KB4	Kt-K5 ch
(45)	Q-Q5	K-K2	(65)	K-Kt2	P x P
(46)	Q-K4	Kt-Q5	(66)	P x P	P-R5
(47)	P-QB3	Kt-K3	(67)	Q-Q4 ch	K-K3
(48)	Q-Kt4 ch	R-B4	(68)	Q-R8	P-R6 ch
(49)	Q-QR4	R-R4	(69)	K-R2	Kt-B3!
(50)	Q-Kt4 ch	Kt-B4	(70)	Q-QKt8	R-Q4
(51)	Q-Kt4	K-B2	(71)	Q-B8 ch	K-B2
(52)	Q-B4 ch	K-B1	(72)	K-Kt3	K-Kt3
(53)	Q-R2	R-R5	(73)	Q-B6	R-Q7!
(54)	K-R3	K-K2	(74)	K-R4	P-R7
(55)	K-Kt2	R-R4	(75)	K-Kt3	K-R4!

If the Kt is taken P-R8(Kt!) mates. Yates duly resigned. Here—Lasker-Schiffers, Nuremberg, 1896—is another warning example of the sad ending in store for him who refuses to accept a draw from a world champion while the drawing is good. Schiffers could have had it at once by (1) . . . K-B3, (2) R x P, R-R5 ch, (3) K-Kt3, B x P, (4) Kt x B, K-Kt3. But he banked on his passed pawns. He could still have had a draw by playing (5) . . . R-KB1, instead of pushing that vaunted KtP. Thereafter he was doomed. This is what actually happened.

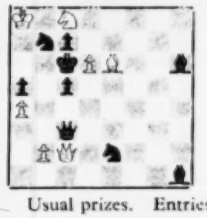
(1)		R-KR1	(3)	K-B5	B-K3 ch
(2)	K-Kt5	P-R3 ch	(4)	K-Kt6	R-QB1
(5)	R-R7	P-Kt5?	(9)	R x B	K-Kt1
(6)	P queens ch	K x Q	(10)	R-Kt7 ch	K-B1
(7)	K-B6	B-Kt1	(11)	R-Kt7	R-R1
(8)	R-K7!	B-R2	(12)	R-B7 ch	

and Black was inevitably mated in a few moves.

This week the 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position which occurred in the championship of Wisconsin, U.S.A. How did White triumph neatly in a matter of three moves? **B**—a 5-mover—is one of the classics, and while our problem-addicts are bound to know it, the others may find it hardly overrated with 6 points; moreover, this graceful piece may well whet their appetites for the fine art of the problemist. **C**—White to draw—is a Russian prize-winner, a most interesting endgame study, well worth 7 ladder-points.

A: Young 1952

B: Plachutta 1859



C: A. S. Gurvitch 1931

Usual prizes. Entries by May 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 11

A: (1) . . . Q x P ch. (2) K x Q, R-R5 ch. (3) P x R, P-Kt5 mate.

B: (1) P-K4, B x P. (2) P-B6, B x P. (3) P-K6, P x KP. (4) P-B7

if (2) . . . P x P. (3) P-K6, P x KP. (4) P-Q6.
but (2) P-K6? is refuted by P x P (3) P-B6, P x QP. (4) P x P, P-Q5 ch.

C: (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-Q3! (2) B-Kt3 ch, K x P. (3) B x R!, P-Kt7. (4) R-Kt1, Kt-B8. (5) R-Kt5 ch, K-B5! (6) R-Kt4 ch, K-Kt6. (7) B-Q6, Kt-Q6. (8) R-Kt1, Kt-B8. (9) R-Kt3 ch, Kt-Q6! (10) R x Kt ch, K-B7. (11) R-B3 ch!, K x R. (12) B-K5 ch, etc.

(1) R-QKt8? is refuted by (1) . . . Kt-B4 ch, followed by P-Kt7

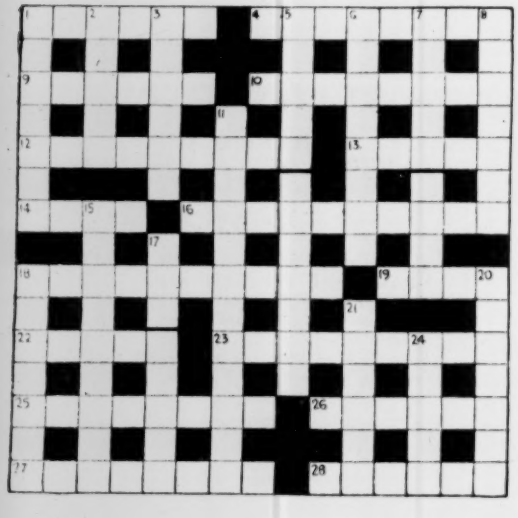
if (1) . . . K-Q1. (2) B-R4 ch, etc.
if (7) . . . Kt-R7. (8) R-Kt1 ch, Kt-B6. (9) R x Kt ch, etc. or (8) . . . K-B5. (9) R-Kt1, Kt-B8. (10) B-B4.

Many competitors stumped by **C**, others dropped a point or two by failing to see the subtleties of Black's 5th and 9th moves. Among them (along with all our other cracks) was J. R. Harman whose 15-year-old son Michael evidently would not "tell Dad." Being the only one to turn in a perfectly complete solution he has well earned the undivided first prize. The consolation prize will be added to next week's fund. *Non-Londoners' 5th majority move O-O. Londoners' 5th due by May 6.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 46

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 46, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 12th May.



ACROSS

1. Nations showing hesitation in the matter of war prisoners (6).
4. Frowns of serious experts (8).
9. Mounts like a centipede? (6).
10. Right of patronage (8).
12. Fair shone the creator (9).
13. Boast one is the son of Odin (5).
14. A blow for a detective (4).
16. Take great pains about splitting (10).
18. An old relic perhaps gets round a single female (10).
19. The taste of a period of great culture (4).
22. He has it taped perhaps (5).
23. An easel is almost enough for this pub entertainer (9).
25. Moving the arms mainly for playing the violin (8).
26. Where there is a line of drinkers? (6).
27. Avoid first teams and then back the favourite (8).
28. Solemn place (6).

DOWN

1. But these relations may not be peaceful (7).
2. Expectant singers? (5).
3. Morsel the Chancellor produces by magic? (6).
5. She was one of his subjects (5, 7).
6. The brilliance of a satellite (8).
7. Where there is one who also leads at the beginning (5, 4).
8. Wreck of the devil (7).
11. The place of freedom in America (12).
15. Found in a night nursery? (9).
17. Inhabited satellites (3, 5).
18. Coins with legends? (7).
20. Stores do in dresses (7).
21. Flattened at the poles (6).
24. A professional in an article of clothing (5).

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Solution to No. 44

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WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

COME to the Lakes for your holiday. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food, comfort in friendly atmosphere. Special facilities for climbers and Fell walkers. Anne Horner. 'Phone 508.

PENARTH. Vegetarian Guest Ho. S. Wales Coast. Ideal sitn. Plsant. hol. resort. Avail. Summer Schls/Retreats/Confnces. &c.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

PAYING Guests welc. modernised farmhouse ideally situated Wenlock Edge, Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Book now for Spring & Summer holidays. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley near Betws-y-Coed. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 6½*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

RESTFUL unspoilt Suffolk village nr. sea (Aldeburgh)—bedroom, sit.-room, bathroom, h. & c. Own produce. Mod. Le/ever, Sternfield, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

BETWEEN Pennines & Lakeland. Perfect holiday centre in spacious country house. Every comfort. Brochure. Mod. charges. Yealand Manor, nr. Carnforth.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5*gns.* wkly. Summer terms 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

NORMANDY. Eng. writer & wife welcome P.G.s at their villa, Fr. coast resort. Coach from Havre. French cooking; beach & country £7-£8 wk. incl. Detls. Box 8511.

SPAIN: Costa Brava: Small modern pension facing sea; H/C water, good cooking. Write: Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312.)

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in a charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour. Magnificent cliff & country walks, good touring centre. Broch. 6-7½*gns.*

UNSPOILT Essex. Manor House Hotel, 20 acres gardens and grounds. Fully licensed. Squash, tennis, swimming, billiards, T.V. Golf near. London buses pass. Children welcome. Terms from 6½*gns.* weekly. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree. Gt. Bardfield 241. London Agent: MAI. 2118.

RYE (near). Paying guests welcomed in country cottage, on bus route, five miles from sea. Farm produce. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden. Telephone: Iden 205.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Sea warm. Land of King Arthur. Jersey milk and cream. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Television for Coronation. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults from 9*gns.* Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 214.

CÔTE D'Azur, Hotel La Bonne Auberge, St. Raphael (Var). Full pension, incl. wine, taxes & serv., 1,350-1,500 frcs. p. day.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —the Bide-a-While Book. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 2*d.* from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

SPEND your holiday in lovely Shakespeare country Comfort combined with good food. Central. Terms 6*gns.* per week. Davies, 56 Rother Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.'s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall, 5-6*gns.* Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 8249.

HOLIDAYS at Elmsted, Kent. 15th Century cottage with own gardens and wood. Delightful Down country. 4½*gns.* weekly. Hugh Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

CÔTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & C. Finely situated on mountain pass in heart of Snowdon National Park. Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. (Tel. C.C. 217.)

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7*gns.* No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. For Conferences, Summer Schools, week-end groups as well as for the individual or family. Excellent catering. In superb scenery yet easy from London. Write for illustrated booklet.

LAKE District. Guests welcomed. Modern conveniences. Elevated position. Bellavista, Grange, Keswick. Borrowdale 212.

BATH. Attrac. holidays at min. cost (recom.). Westley, 23 Royal Crescent.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune—Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlkg. sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort: "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

"OUT of the world and into Longformacus." In the heart of the Lammermuirs yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. The unique Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Berwickshire. Send for brochure.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gardens, Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6*gns.*, 7-8*gns.* June onwards, 8-9*gns.* August.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks & Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6*gns.* a week. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Road, Hindhead. Telephone: 548.

ALL Young Couples or friends needing early holidays in mild climate ("Britain's best," town claim) should consider our top floor twin-bedded rooms (all lower floors let until end of May) advantageous at 5/5½*gns.*, including extras (early tea, gratuities, heating in bedroom). Rec. by readers, also Quakers, Toc H, W.V.S., etc., members. Normanhurst, Sea Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Near orchestra; opp. double deck Prom., boating, fishing. Informative Brochures free (21 illus.).

BOURNEMOUTH. Superior bed-brkfst., nr. sea. Kinsale, 43 Clarence Pk. Rd.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comf. accom., beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, homely produce. 5½*gns.*, special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire. No vacancies July 25 to August 29.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. apprvd. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

STRAWBERRIES and Cream holidays in Devon. Mrs. Garness, Sea-View Guest House, Woolacombe, adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Bathe from house, surf-riding. 5½ to 7*gns.* per week. Tel. 44. Children welcome.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, large garden, peaceful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in a hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. £5 10s. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

A SEASIDE holiday in a lovely corner of Kent in self-contained chalets costs little more than stopping at home. Vacancies May, June and Sept. Write for illus. bklt., Eastchurch Hol. Camp Chalets, Sheppey, Kent.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide, describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2*s.* 8*d.* post free. Farm Guide, Dept. NS, 49, Broomlands, Paisley.

TINTAGEL/Boscastle, Trethevy Hotel. Beautiful Cornish coastal situation, home farm & ckg., every comfort. Brochure.

COMBINING Mediterranean climate and Alpine scenery in the Sterling Area. Spend your Summer and Autumn holidays at the Berengaria Hotel, Cyprus. A first-class hotel with all amenities situated in the Island's famous pine forests. Open May 20 to Nov. 10. Please apply to principal Travel Agencies in London, or write to Manager, Berengaria Hotel, Prodromos, Cyprus.

HOLIDAYS: When in doubt, read the Continental's illustrated brochure. Happy Time with "Square Deal and Cordiality." 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Guest Hse., Combemartin. Tel. 428. Brist. Eve. Din. Min. sea.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TARASCON: Provençal food and wine by the Rhône. Swimming, dancing, painting, etc. Camping site near famous château, with pension 800 frs. per day. Box 8674.

COSSINGTON Guest House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset. Excel. food & bedding. Easy access sea, golf, fishing. Max. 5½*gns.*

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 750 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide" 1953-54. Entirely revised and much enlarged, but still 5*s.* from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, London, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

PROGRESSIVE stories, poems, drawings in "Daylight," 6*d.* Out May 1, obtainable from: Central Books, 2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1. "A Lesson in Journalism," story by Doris Lessing, Coronation Ode, new Hikmet poem, etc.

SPRING issue "Poetry & Poverty" now on sale. Contrib. incl. James Kirkup, Michael Hamburger, George Woodcock, Howard Sergeant, Dannie Abse. 2*s.*: 8 Eton Av, N.W.3.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8*s.* from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

THE Temple Fortune Bookshop specialises in Maps and Guides. But we have a nice selection of books to interest the collector, the gardener, and the lover of good food. Please come and see for yourself. Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Rd., S.W.3.

"WESTERMANN Monatshefte" — monthly—Ideal for learning German. Short stories, home hints, illustrated. Specimen copy 1*s.* from EMGEE, 33 Dartmouth Park Ave., N.W.5.

"EASTERN World," the leading monthly on S.E. Asia, Far East. £1 5*s.* p.a., single copies 2*s.* 45 Dorset St., W.1.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interest. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

SOCIALISTS generally prefer to buy from the Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, solely engaged in tracing out-of-print and scarce books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

WE want books by Bernstein, Borkenau, Bukharin, Kautsky, Pokrovsky, Rosenberg, Trotsky, etc., and all good books always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club have opened a new Club Centre at Binney St., Oxford St. (between Selfridges and Bond St. stations). Sub. now only 5*s.* annually, plus 1*s.* attendance fee per evening, which covers all activities (lectures, conferences, dancing, table-tennis, etc.). Particulars: Secretary-General, All Nations Social Club, Ltd., 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

TOM Long you are my heart's delight, I smoke you morning, noon and night.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½*d.* stamp.—Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

TICKING. Featherproof and waxed, superb material, Striped, 56in. wide, only 7*s.* 6*d.* yard. Plain, 38in. wide, only 4*s.* 6*d.* yard. Post 1*s.* Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

ENVELOPES, 1,000 6×3½ 13*s.* Dupl. paper, rm. qto., 10*s.* 6*d.* Other bargains; send for price list. L. Warson, 7 Newton Av., N.10.

CHILDREN'S plain wooden building bricks (not nursery cubes) £1 per 100. Walt Tiler, 62 Old Farm, Sidcup.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples, 3 Robert St. N.W.1. Modern rooms available for committees, socials, rehearsals, etc., very reasonable rates. Apply Secretary, EUS. 8864.

HARTMAN'S of Mayfair. Room seating about 60 for Parties, Lectures, etc. Mod. prices. 65 South Audley St., W.1. GRO. 1586.

Ask to see Mitre Club . . . the new kind of notepaper. Run your finger over its satin-smooth surface—you can feel the difference right away. Write on it with any kind of pen—and there's no mistaking Mitre Club. It does make writing easier.

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Available in white and an attractive new shade of blue in three sizes of pads, and in boxes of single and double sheets with distinctive envelopes to match.

FROM ALL REALLY GOOD STATIONERS

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, South Australia. Applications are invited for the following new posts, apart from the Chair of History, which is the subject of a separate advertisement: Senior Lecturer in Government and Public Administration (within the Department of Political Science); Lecturer in Psychology (preference will be given to a candidate whose qualifications and research interests lie in the field of Social Psychology); Lecturer in Geography (experience in cartography and field techniques would be advantage); Lecturer in Zoology (preference will be given to a candidate with an interest in vertebrate zoology or comparative physiology); Lecturer in Civil Engineering (preference will be given to a candidate whose interests lie in hydraulics and soil mechanics, but other candidates are encouraged to apply); Lecturer in Biochemistry (preference will be given to a candidate whose interests lie in the field of protein chemistry, if one should offer, but other candidates are encouraged to apply). Applications are also invited for appointment as Lecturer in Philosophy (to fill a vacancy through resignation). Salary Scales: Senior Lecturer, £1,000-£40-£1,250; Lecturer, £600-£50-£1,000. A cost-of-living allowance of £228 per annum is at present payable. A superannuation scheme corresponding to F.S.S.U. is available. Promotions depend upon merit and accomplishments rather than on seniority. Study leave is regarded as important. Detailed terms of appointment will be supplied on request to The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or to the undersigned. Applications: Applications in duplicate must include particulars of age, nationality, academic record, teaching qualifications, war service (if any) and present position; a list of publications (if any); copies of testimonials; the names and addresses of two referees of whom confidential enquiries may be made; a recent photograph; and a medical certificate of good health; and should reach the undersigned not later than May 31, 1953. A. W. Bampton, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Further Education (man or woman) required to inspect and advise on all branches of commercial education. Duties will include both day and evening work. Good qualifications and experience required. Salary £1,200-£1,550; appointment may be made above minimum. Application form, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/L), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by May 15 (1SE).

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for the following posts: (a) Tutor or Assistant Tutor in Social Studies. Salary scale £500-£900 or £450-£500, initial salary depending on qualifications and experience. (b) Assistant Lecturer in English. Salary £480-£500. (c) Assistant Lecturer in Education, with special qualifications in Speech Training and Dramatic Work. Salary £450-£500. (d) Research Assistant in Biochemistry to work on enzymes in connexion with genetics of micro-organisms. Salary £500-£600. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by May 16.

STRODE Day Continuation School, Street, Somerset. Applications are invited for the position of Headmistress of the Strode Day Continuation School (Girls' Side - 120 pupils). Full particulars may be obtained from J. A. Clark (Correspondent) C. & J. Clark, Ltd., Street, Somerset.

LONDONDERRY High School, Northern Ireland. Required in September, Assistant Mistress to take Gymnastics and Games throughout the School. Applicants should have qualifications from a College recognised by the Ministry of Education. Salary according to Ministry's scale. A bonus towards travelling expenses may be granted to a suitable candidate from Great Britain. Apply to the Head Mistress.

THE National Association of Mixed Clubs & Girls' Clubs require three Officers (Women) to assist with residential courses for girls in industry. Experience of new educational techniques and of work with adolescent girls essential. Should be able to offer Crafts, Domestic Science, or Drama as main subject; state subsidiary interest and experience in Youth work. Ability to drive ability v.m. desirable. Experimental work offering scope for initiative and inquiry. Salary from £478 to £500 p.a. Forms and further particulars from Employment Officer, N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30-32 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

CAMBRIDGE City Labour Party invites applics. for full-time Secretary/Agent. The appointment to be made in accordance with National Agreement. Applic. forms from Mr. Leslie Bridges, The Labour Hall, Norfolk St., Cambridge, to whom they must be returned by May 30.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires British nationals, preferably under thirty and of university standard for training as sub-editors for foreign language transmissions. Candidates must have good knowledge of international affairs and enthusiasm for writing world news with simplicity and accuracy for foreign listeners. Knowledge of foreign languages not required. Shift work, including share of night hours. Training salary according to qualifications not less than £590 p.a. After training period varying with suitability of candidate and short period in B.B.C.'s Staff Training School, successful candidates should in competition graduate to sub-editorial posts in Foreign Services News Department in grade with salary maximum of £1,065 p.a. and prospects of promotion. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "News Trainees N. Stn." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

ADELBODEN, Switzerland. Voluntary society's international refugee children's rest home (housing 50, ages 6/16, for four-monthly periods) requires resident progressive educator (male) for handicrafts: printing, carpentry, pottery, etc., and care older boys. Knowledge of German essential. Salary S. fr. 250 monthly. After trial, contract to end of 1953, when half fare refunded. Please type-write applications in duplicate, giving data chronologically. Photograph appreciated (returnable). Box 8714.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited for appointment as Full-time Club Leader to the Colville House Youth Club from September 1, 1953. The Club is well established and has attractive premises with own grounds and suitable living accommodation for one, or at most two, persons. Membership 70-80 boys and girls, 15-21. Essential qualifications are experience in Club Leadership, and teacher or approved Youth Leadership training. Salary according to Burnham Scale for Teachers. Form of application with full particulars can be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, 49, High Street, Lowestoft, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, to be returned within 14 days of this advertisement.

THE Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust. Arising from the extension to the Spofforth Hall Recuperative Centre, a Deputy Warden is required. The Centre is for mothers with their children who are failing to provide satisfactory homes for themselves and their families. The person appointed will have special responsibility for the domestic organisation of the Home and will take charge in the absence of the Warden. The salary is from £220 a year with full residential emoluments. Apply to: The Honorary Secretary, Beverley House, Shipton Road, York, giving details of age, training and experience, together with the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made.

ORGANISING Secretary required by the Dalcroze Society Inc. for its Training Centre in Eurhythmics. Some interest in musical education is desirable. Typing essential. Age not under 25 years. Work is of vocational interest but salary is small. Apply Dalcroze Society Inc., 10a Newton Rd., London, W.2. BAY. 6123.

NATIONAL Association requires services of young man for an executive position with prospects. Must be cultured, and proved administrator. London. Own staff know of vacancy. Box 8684.

LEADER (f.) reqd. Sept. Youth & Children's clubs in Church Settlement. Head, S. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, E.2.

EDITOR'S Assistant wanted for new monthly technical journal. A nose for news, an interest in science and ability to write plain English are the qualifications. Starting salary £7 per week. Box 8879.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm nr. London. Age not above 30. Box 8739.

BI-LINGUAL French/English young man (22 to 28) is offered six months' training as a representative in London followed by permanent work with our Brussels associates. Excellent prospects. Write for further details, stating age and education, to B. S. Dexion, Ltd., 68 Maygrove Rd., N.W.6.

VACANCY for Manageress of print and bookcase gallery. Qualifications: knowledge of art, ability to sell including mail order, and able to type and conduct correspondence. Good salary and prospects. Apply by letter to E.S., Phoenix Gallery, 38 William IV St., Charing X, W.C.2.

INTELLIGENT Secretary Sh. Typist. Good knowledge French. N.W.3 district. Applics., giving age, experience, salary required, etc., to Box 8870.

EXCELLENT posts are available with professional men and sound business houses for well-educated girls with good secretarial training. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606, and 2 Broad St. Place, E.C.2. LON. 5397.

GENTLEMAN (37) requires lady housekeeper to take complete charge small Georgian country house. Daily help kept. Other service avail. Two sons, 8 & 4. Well paid, but informal family atmosphere. Mother with child considered. Box 8698.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MARRIED couple (cook-housekeeper and handyman-gardener) wanted, 2 in family. Separate cottage avail. £7. Durling, Oldland Mill House, Keymer, Sussex. Hassocks 20.

SMALL Surveyor's office, Kensington, friendly atmosphere, wants part-time secretarial-reception assistance mornings, afternoons, or alternately. Box 8691.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIAL Work: Educ. yng. man, training as Probation Officer, sks. interesting post pref. in remand or special home; but any suggestions gratefully acknowledged. Nursing & working with boys experience. Box 8728.

WEEK-End work reqd. by young man, London, Sat.-Mon. Hard worker, clean driving licence. Anything consid. Box 8676.

EDUCATED young Englishwoman desires post where 21-month daughter acceptable. Take charge young children, type, sew, help with house, learner driver, architectural draughtswoman. At present overseas. Prefers London, but anything considered. Box 8811.

EX-art student (f.); experience silk-screen printing, wood toymaking, plaster-casting, lettering. Studio or workshop; not factory. Box 8570.

COMPETENT English/German, translator, correspondent & sh./typist—German and Eng. shthnd., seeks interesting job. Box 8721.

EXPERIENCED Secretary sh./typist requires part-time work, odd half days, evgs., weekends. Own typewriter. CUN. 0015.

YNG. German typist (f.) sks. immed. wk. Lond. Germ./Ital./some Eng. Box 8781.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. 3 minutes from Earls Court Stn. H. & c., gas fires all rms. 15s. 6d. bed. & bkfast. Under pers. supervsn.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15s. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., 'phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

SERVICE rooms. Chelsea. Fully furnished, cen. htg., C.h.w., full breakfast & dinner inc. from 5½gns. per week. FLA. 7755.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

PLEASANT bedsit. room in newly-dec. house, concealed basins, h. & c., service. Gentleman only. Quiet road bet. Swiss Cottage and Abbey Rd. Maida Vale 2962 or 2496.

BEDSITTING room acc. Gentlemen only. Tube and buses conven. H. Purcell, 132 Broadcsbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI 6436.

BED-Sitting room in newly-decorated house nr. Marble Arch. Suit business man. With or without meals. PAD. 8135.

HAMPSTEAD Gdn. Sub. Furn. s/c. flat, 2 b'rms., sit. rm., tel. Mod kit. Frig. Bath-rm., w.c. 12 mths. £273. SPE. 2713.

BED-sit. rm., bus. person or student, Hampstead. £2 5s. p.w. MAI. 5426.

FURN. room to let, one or two persons, centrally located. Tel. evgs. CUN. 6917.

FURN. double bedsit.-room, quiet house, N.W.2. Cooker with oven; bedding, linen, cleaning. 'Phone evenings only GLA. 8957.

MAN (30-40) offd. rm. bath. flat Bayswater lge. kit. no restns. Reas. Box 8473.

SMALL top flat, beautifully furn., 2 rooms, kitchenette, use bath. £3 10s. PRI. 0506 week-ends or evenings.

SUNNY, very comf. divan bedsit., breakfast 2gns., other meals optional. Modern quiet house, 25 min. West End. GLA. 7297.

ROOM, use kit. and bathroom, offered woman 28/35 by another in flat Holland Park. £2 15s. inclusive. Box 8735.

HAMPSTEAD. To let August 1st (possibly earlier), roof flat (3rd floor—no lift), 3 rooms, balcony, hall, kitchen, bath. Well furnished, oil-fed central heating and c.h.w., refrigerator, telephone. No linen. 7½gns. for long let. Box 8776.

LOVELY large single bed-sit.-rm. Use kit. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

LUXURIOUS sgle. rm. Use kit., bath, gas. Rm. service, bed-linen. Milk 'frig. Elec. fire, check meter. MAI. 5267.

W. NORWOOD. Furn. flatlet. Suit 1/2 persons. Tel. 10gns. mthly. Box 8832.

FURN. flat, 4 rooms, select part of Sutton. 4½gns. Separate rooms avail. Vegetarians prefd. Vigilant 0061. Box 8791.

ALDEBURGH, Suffolk. To let furn. labour-saving, 2nd flr. flat; 4 persons; July 29-Aug. 20, 10gns.; Oct. to Easter 4gns. Lady C., 18 Kensington Park Gdns. Park 4710.

PRIVATE new 4-berth caravan. Delightful site Sussex Downs. 7gns. p.w. (Aug. 8gns.). Tel. SLO. 2395/write Box 8413.

TO let: Cornwall, June. Picturesque cottage, sleep 5, all mod. cons. 5 mins. creek. Betwn. Truro-Falmouth. MEA. 3783.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

S/C FURN. cottage in charming garden on West Dorset farm (5 miles sea), 1 double bedroom, 1 rec., kit., all mod. con. Farm produce. To let from mid-May. Suit artist, author. 4gns. wkly. Use of adjacent studio and piano available. Box 8723.

CORNWALL. Holiday chalet to let, all electric, 5 minutes beach. Box 8702.

CONNEMARA seaside. 3-roomed cottage to let, sea and free lake fishing. Martin King, Rossadelisk, Cleggaw, Connemara.

OFFER exchange cloistered house facing Regents Park, 3 bedrooms, 2 living, vacant for house near sea within 200 miles London, whole/part August. Box 8727.

FURNISHED flat or room wanted about mid-May by South African schoolmistress, pref. Chelsea, consider sharing. Box 8743.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer and wife wish to rent small furnished s.c. flat at reasonable rent, July, August and September; near British Museum or Central. Box 8726.

YOUNG married doctor, no children, requires unfurn. flat or bungalow in London area, before September, 1953. Box 8724.

YOUNG lady teacher seeks board residence with Jewish family, easy distance Stratford East. Box 8503.

CANADIAN couple require semi/unfurn. flat. Cen./N.W. London. Max. £2 10s. Mrs. Barnes, VIC. 0522, Ext. 10.

YOUNG woman (24) requires part-furnished accom. London, mod. rent or would undertake domestic duties. Box 8858.

WANTED June, by refined lady, flatlet or bed-sit., W. or N.W.3, moderate rent. Space for books and trunks. Box 8824.

DOCTOR reqs. unfurn. accom., 2-3 bdrms., S.W. London, for 4 years. Box 8814.

MALE requires near Thames within about five miles city, one large light unfurn. room or other habitable accomm. Sole reqs. water, w.c. Humane rent. Condition unimportant. No petty restrictions. Box 8725.

FURN. house required month August, sleep 6. Near sea, Sussex or Hants. 47 Milverton Road, London, N.W.6.

CHINESE/English couple, 2nd baby expected August, desperately require unfurnished flat anywhere. Box 8929.

BUSINESS woman (daughter 2½) desp. needs accom. where child welcomed. Consider anything, anywhere. Box 8822.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent, Co-educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad, R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.; Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CHARMING old world house overlkg. river & country beyond. Living-rm. Ravburn No. 2 Elec. cooker. Lounge, red brick fireplace 3 bedrms., bathrm. Wiring, bath, copper pipes. Tanks completely new. Large rms. £1,950. Colchester 4 mls. Wivenhoe 504.

NORTH Cornwall coast. Attractive house, sunny, sheltered, overlooking sea. ½ acre garden. Aga kitchen, 2 sitts., 3/5 bedrooms, bath./lav. Possession. Freehold. Approx. £2,900. Box 8753.

ONLY £750 each, Freehold. Two well-built cottages (for sale separately or together), each with 4/5 rooms, kitchen, garden, etc. Main water and electricity. Pleasant country situation, 3 miles from Dover. Details from Messrs. Protheroe & Morris, Chartered Surveyors, 14 Moorgate, London, E.C.2. (Tel. Monarch 8388/9.)

CORNWALL: pretty modernised cottage, 6 rooms, kit., bath., ½-acre, lovely view. Nr. Restronguet sailing creek. MEA. 3783.

CARAVAN, converted coach, 5 rooms. Complete home for two. £150 o.n.o. Box 8665.

5-ROOMED, kitchen and bathroom, garage, converted coach-house, acre orchard. ½-hour Waterloo. £3,750. POP. 1956.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, 1953—August 15/22, Birchfield House, Hope, Derbyshire; August 22/29, Wilton Park, Wiston House, Steyning, Sussex; August 29/September 5, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

CANFORD Summer School of Music, Director Noel Hale, August 9-23, offers an ideal holiday with music. The Courses cover Choral Singing, Madrigals, Full and String Orchestra, Chamber Music, Pianoforte, School Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Recorders, Organ & Choirmaster, Dalcroze Eurhythmics. Prospectus and particulars: Patricia Vernon, Org. Sec., Westover Chambers, Hinton Road, Bournemouth.

URCHFONT Manor, July 10-12: "Travels in Italy": including films, and a view of the English by an Italian. July 20-26: "Wiltshire and the West": cities and great houses, its livelihood and literature: excursions. July 27-August 1: "The Seven Deadly Sins in Modern Literature": the Morality to-day contrasted with earlier periods. Novels by Hemingway, Mauriac, Rex Warner, Graham Greene, and plays by Strindberg and Eliot in some detail. August 1-7: "Folklore and Festivals": their place in former days and their part to-day. Christina Hole principal speaker. August 8-Sept. 5: Family Courses, either a week or a fortnight; general courses on the character of our times in many fields, or comparison with the Age of Elizabeth I; children 8-14 years looked after at all times. Full details of these and other courses from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

LONDON University Extension Summer School, Wye College, Ashford, Kent. August 22-September 5, 1953. Programme of courses: The Individual and Society; The European Tradition in the Arts: English Literature, Music, Painting; Sociological and Economic Problems of Africa; Archæology; The Protection of Crops against Diseases and Pests; An Introduction to Historical Geography. Inclusive weekly fee, £4 15s., science courses, £5. Prospectus from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

FRENCH girl student, 19, wishes post au pair Eng. family, care children, &c. July-Sept. F. Richard, 72 Rue Libergier, Reims.

GRADUATE couple offer free board & lodging in return for help in house—May, June, July. Victoria 30 mins. Box 8591.

ARTIST, available week-ends, int. Archæology, little knowledge, would like help profs. with excavating, cleaning, restoring, listing and drawings, etc. Any job within scope cheerfully undertaken. Box 8524.

CONTIN. writer (f), living London, fluent English, wishes collaborate with cultured British woman journalist. Box 8771.

SPANISH. British authoress who winters Spain resumes lessons in Spanish grammar & conversation from May at own W.C.1 address, or at pupils' if central. Also Inglés para Españoles. Box 8742.

PROFESSOR'S Secretary studying pianoforte wishes supplement income with secretarial work; typing manuscripts, bookkeeping, etc., at home or S.W. area. Sec., 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

FRENCH lady seeks post with children for longer period to improve English. Saban, 5, Av. Gourgaud, Paris, 17e.

CAMPING holiday August 4-18. Boys and girls over 11. Wonderful South-coast site. 3*gns.* a week. Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

YOUNG man wishes to work with and learn from potter making stoneware. Earnings must cover living expenses. Box 8775.

EDUCATED young lady (23-33) to complete foursome for 1 week's motoring holiday, August. Share exps. Partics. to Box 8713.

PROF. lady sks. companion (f) hol. Austria July/Aug. Exp. 50/50. Box 8693.

CAR-owner (F., 30ish) invites similar share Whitsun tour/expenses. Box 8810.

YOUNG man wishes join party with car Italy or Spain. Share expenses. Any date, back London June 9. Box 8786.

EX-SAILOR, painter, invites three companions (m.) to share car expenses June 8 to 29, France, Italy or anywhere as decided. Painters and gentle anarchists prfd. Box 8719.

CAR Tour from home to S. France—or elsewhere. Brochure. Box 8624.

YOUNG Parisian teaches French. Lesson 5s. POPesgrove 8527 or Box 8603.

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LADY with comf. pleasant cntry. house, large garden, Devon-Somerset borders, wld. welc. 1-2 as sole paying guest(s) summer mths. Mod. terms. Car desirable. Box 8751.

SKYE. 4-berth caravan to let any site in Skye. Fully equipped. Hilditch, Dunollie Hotel, Broadford 253.

HAS anyone in Croydon/Sutton/Cheam area room for young male grad. who has acquired "dig. allergy"? Box 8685.

LAVENHAM: P.G. welcd. in mediæval cottage; all mod. convens. Tel.: 360.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLBORN Borough Council. Election helpers urgently wanted. Labour Committee Room, 10 North Mews, Northington St., Grays Inn Rd. CHA. 4791.

CHALET to let (part or whole): every comfort, mod. terms. View of lake and mountains. Modern convens. Lake of Thun. Reduction for longer let. Saunders, Châlet Margritli, Hunibach bei Thun, Switzerland.

DONALD Chapman, M.P., is opening as a small hotel the charming old Norton House, right on the Village Green in the unspoiled seaside village of Rottingdean (10 minutes along the cliffs from Brighton station). Old & new friends welc., Whitsun onwards and all the year round. Broch. on request.

PAINTING holidays, glorious Welsh coast. Individual tuition. Also painting expedition Black Forest. Aug. 15-31. Box 8766.

STUDENT Travel Summer, 1953—giving details of tours with N.U.S. to the Continent, and of charter flights to Bâle, Barcelona, Copenhagen, Nice, Oslo and Paris, is now available from the National Union of Students, Travel Department (NS), 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

SEE Yugoslavia for an out-of-this-world holiday. Wonderful climate, excellent hotels, magnificent scenery, fascinating people and places. Great variety of holidays from Bled in the mountains to Opatija on the Adriatic. Connoisseurs should visit the Island of Rab for peace, perfect bathing and sailing, and a unique atmosphere. For those who want to see the whole country, including Belgrade, we recommend our 16-day Coach Tour at 49*gns.* Other holidays from 35gns. Write, 'phone or call for Free Illustrated Brochure, See Yugoslavia, Ltd., 51 High Holborn, W.C.1. CHA. 4627/8.

CHILDREN'S Holiday Scheme. Reputable London Nursery School running holiday by sea for children aged 4-8 years. Particulars: Mrs. M. J. Leeds, 43 Etchingham Park Rd., N.3. FIN. 5020.

FOR the best holiday value in Switzerland and all available countries write for 1953 Programme to Swiss Hotel Plan Travel Service, 245 Regent St., London, W.1. 'Phone: GRO. 8921. 21 Continental Offices.

CLUB Mediterrannee offers carefree and inexpensive holidays at our seaside villages in Italy (Piombino and Elba), Corfu (Greece) and Budva (Yugoslavia). Water ski-ing (free), undersea fishing. Excursions to Venice, Florence, Rome, Capri, and from Corfu to Athens, Delphi, Epidaurus, Mycenae, etc. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. Telephone: HOLborn 4846.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea. Country. Every care. Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547.

HOLIDAYS in France; 2 months' stay in selected families for educated young ladies. Light housework, looking after children, in exchange for board and lodging. References. Longer stay up to 9-12 months, with pocket money. Two good posts offered in French Morocco, journey paid. Enc. s.a.e. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

ALPINE Flowers in the Pyrenees and Andorra—an informal study tour departing June 14. 15 days 34½ *gns.* The low-cost visits to Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome are repeated August 7 and 30. 15 days 31 *gns.* Details (s.a.e.) E.T. Assoc., c/o World University Serv., 59 Gloucester Pl., London, W.1.

SEE Spain. Special Coronation Offer! Travel allowance up to £40—Our prices down to 32 *gns.* for a 15-day Holiday. For the following Holiday Centres: Palma de Mallorca, Rosas, Tossa de Mar, Caldetas, Deva, Andorra. Departures: May 10, 24, 31; June 7; Sept. 13, 20, 27; October 4, 11, 18; December 20. Visit Spain at its Best. Avoid July-August rush and heat. Early and late Summer weather is most delightful and scenery most enchanting. Hotel-keepers and Guides can give far more personal attention to needs of Holiday-makers. Send for Free Illustrated Brochure: See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 50/51 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. CHAncery 4627/8.

BETTER sight without Glasses. The Bates Treatment for refractive errors and eyesight rehabilitation. Miss Evelyn Sage sees pupils by appointment at 76 Twyford Ave., East Finchley, N.2. Tel. TUDor 4776.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC 0820.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS18), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

WEYMOUTH: holidays for children 7-16. Homely atmosphere, good food. Supervision by qual. staff. Bathing excursions, picnics, etc. Vacs. July 25-Aug. 22. Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49 Coborn Rd., E.3.

PERSONAL—continued

HAVE you answered last Sunday's urgent B.B.C. Appeal by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University to help a needy refugee family uprooted by war or persecution? 10s. will send clothing to one extra family in dire plight. Please send your gift to: Sir Maurice Bowra, 17 Broad St., Oxford. (Regd. War Charities Act 1940.)

MAY Day Greetings to all members and friends. For friendship and understanding between the peoples of Great Britain and the Rumanian People's Republic, for world peace. Exec. Ctee., Brit. Rumanian Friendship Assoc., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

WHITSUN Holiday? Gather strength for the Coronation and enjoy a good outdoor holiday at our Whitsun parties in Sussex near sea and Downs, or at a Thames-side hotel in Berkshire; also Whitsun party to Tossa and Barcelona. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. - KEN. 0911.

ADVICE given on statistical aspect of reports and investigations. Box 8859.

PRIV. lessons & transln. work by French lady. London. Mod. charges. Box 8679.

DON'T let the weather spoil your holiday this year! Enjoy a Contours Mediterranean holiday with guaranteed sunshine. Ask for 52-page Contours holiday planning book—it is more than a list of "tours." Our book suggests ideas but it is your personal requirements that determine the exact form your Contours holiday will take. Contours Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. MUS. 8499/6463

ENJOY Whitsun at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Festival of music, mime, dance; May 22-28. Join in the experiment of producing a ballet. It doesn't matter whether you've danced before or not; come and discover your talents. Checkendon 221.

SKETCHING Holiday in Provence. James Dring, A.R.C.A., will be taking a sketching party to Arles for a fortnight in August. Oil and water-colour painting, with expert help and criticism. Write for full details to: Ramblers' Assoc. Services, 48 (J6) Park Road, London, N.W.1.

PIANO: Joyce Rathbone, L.R.A.M., gives thorough musical & technical training to pupils at all stages. 44 Princedale Rd., London, W.11. (Tel. Park 8440.)

GUITAR lessons. Technique. Theory. Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

JUAN Les Pins, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, St. Raphael. Bookings arranged for hotels and apartments by Englishman living at Juan Les Pins. No commission. Box 7867.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp, Yugoslavia, July 26-August 8. International Holiday Centres: Paris and Biarritz. Cheap holidays throughout the summer. International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. Abbey 6894.

EDUC. Frenchman teaches French. Conversn., reading, writing, trnsl. Box 8500.

DO you have an office? Do you work in an office? Then you need a Statrol "Model B." This unique office stationery unit is available from all leading Office Furnishers in England.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

CONCERT Cellist teaches Feuerman method. Box 7518.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

COMPANIONABLE Sailing Holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

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YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 7364.

CANAL Cruising holidays for fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2 or 6 people. Houseboat with motorboat on a lovely lake. May, June, July, September. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

EXPECTING a Crowd at your Sports Event, Fête, Show, Social Function, etc.? You'll need extra sanitation. Elsan Chemical Closet guaranteed odourless, hygienic. Needs no drains, no running water. Arrives ready for use. Send for leaflet to Elsan Mfg. Co. Dpt. N.S.1, 51 Clapham Rd. London, S.W.9.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

NEWLANDS, Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

OXFORD Graduate, Greats, offers services as assistant in research, part-time. Salary no consideration, if work really interesting. Write Box 8926.

GOING Abroad? Join one of our parties at lowest prices obtainable. 8 days in Brussels or Paris, £12 10s. Also parties to Germany, Italy and Switzerland, 15 days from £29. Write for full details to: Hilgrove, 5 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

BEAUTIFULLY appointed new Nursing Home, "Barchester Tower," de Cham Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, welcomes perm. elderly guests, convalescents or invalids for holidays. Trained day & night staff, good cuisine and special emphasis on comfort and kindliness. Terms mod. & inc. Hastings 6436.

ISRAEL Vacation Tours for Jewish Students and Graduates. Illustrated brochure from P.A.T.W.A., 4 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1.

8TH August. Air travel to or from Munich included in Austrian tours, also coach tours to Dolomites and Vienna. Other Saturdays beginning July 11, air travel to Basle, Swiss centres Wilderswill and Locarno. 14-15 nights hotel, all in, £29-£42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

YUGOSLAV Holidays from £27 10s. (15 days inc.) Also Israel, Africa and countries in Europe. Programme, send stamped addressed envelope to Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

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MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

DRAMATIC Societies, Managements or Authors can stage Productions or Tryouts at Irving Theatre, Irving St., W.C.2.

P.S. There are just 4 vacant places for special Musicians' Tour of Italy visiting Milan, Verona, Venice and Rome—escorted party limited to 20 persons—departure August 3rd, 16 days, 37gns.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evgs. 7.30, Sats. 6 and 8.30. Theatre Workshop. "Arms and the Man" by Shaw.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1 (near Islington Town Hall). Summer Season opens tonight Fri., May 1, 7.30 p.m. Shakespeare's "Richard II." Also Sat., May 2nd, Thurs. 7th, Fri. 8th, Sat. 9th at 7.30, Matinee Sat., May 9th, at 3. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St., Sun. 5 & 8. "The Seagull." Mems. 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. London's only Late-Night Theatre. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Round the Square," a saucy, satirical Revue. And at 5.45 (Sun. 4.45), "Rush-Hour Revue" for Tired Business Men. And at 7.30 (Sun. 6.30), "The Ryders," a new Play by Henry Townsend (until May 10). Mems., 5s. yearly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). Last 3 weeks revue "Turn It Up!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.

"THIEVES' Carnival," Jean Anouilh, English translation. Birkbeck Players at Inst. of Education theatre. Friday, Saturday, May 8, 9. 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Business Manager, Birkbeck Players, Birkbeck College, Malet St., W.C.1, or door.

CHIN Yü, Robert Rietti and Elsa Palmer in "This Under Heaven," rearing of a new play by Mona Brand, presented by Alex McCrindle. Also exhibition of new Chinese handicrafts, prints, rubbings, etc. Sunday, May 10, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Exhibition 6.30-7.30. Play-reading at 7.30. Adm. free. Brit.-China Friendship Assn.

"ARMIDE" (Gluck). Prod. by City Opera Club, Toynbee Hall, May 13-16. Seats at 3s., 4s. 6d., 6s. PUT. 1418.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until May 3: "Springtime in Italy" (A). From May 4: Orson Welles' prodn. of "Macbeth" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 3, 7.30. "Your Witness" (A) (British).

SOVIET Colour Films. Scala Theatre, W.1, Tues., May 19, 7.30. "Pattern for Life," "Uzbek Dances." Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. Conway Hall, W.C.1. Sat., May 30, 7.30. "Glorious Lake Baikal," "New Stadium," "Soviet Tajikistan," "Kuban Country Fair." Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. For both shows cash and s.a.e. with order to Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

CELEBRATE May Day with "The Emperor's Baker"—Czechoslovakia's hilarious film comedy in colour. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., London, W.1, Sunday, May 3, 7.15 p.m. Seats: 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., bookable in advance. S.a.e. to Education Ctee., British Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, London, S.W.1.

THE Sailing Barge "Glencoe" (Glencoe Arts Club) has moved to Union Wharf, Lassell St., Greenwich. Dancing every Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. Life Class Sat. afternoon, 2.30-4. Maze Hill Station from Charing Cross or London Bridge. Tel. HIL. 2592.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 8. Benjamin Britten Coronation Concert with Peter Pears and Dennis Brain. London Choral Society, John Tobin. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. WAT. 3191, and Agents.

GUILDHALL Ensemble. Conductor: Alan Barlow. Soloist: Terence Beckles. Chelsea Town Hall, Mon., May 11, at 8 p.m. Overture to "Comus" (Arne); Symphony for String Orchestra (First Perf.) (Edwin Carr); Piano Concerto in E flat (K.271) (Mozart); Madrigali (Monteverdi, arr. Malipiero); Pastorale d'été (Honegger); Classical Symphony (Prokofieff). Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., at Hall, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

VICTORIA Kingsley, Songs with Guitar. Wigmore Hall, Mon., May 11, 7.30. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

CARL Dolmetsch. Recorder Recital. Wigmore Hall, Fri., May 8, at 6.30, with Saxby and String Quartet. LeClair, Telemann, Purcell, Lawes, etc., First Perf. new Antony Hopkins Suite. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Hall & Chappell's, New Bond St.

WIGMORE Hall, Sat., May 9, at 3. Lies Askonas (in assn. with Wilfrid Van Wyck) presents Nan Merriman, American Mezzo-Soprano, with Gerald Moore, Pianoforte. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall. Wel. 2141 & Agts.

EXHIBITIONS

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till May 3. Weekdays 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m. 1s. 6d. Last week.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, Polytechnic School of Art. Recent Street. April 19 to May 17.

"PARIS-Londres." Mainly pictures acquired recently in France by Corot, Renoir, Sisley, Morisot, Jongkind, Boudin, Vuillard, etc.; 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W.1. Closing May 9.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Memorial Exhibition: Paintings by Harry Bloomfield. Modern pntgs., inc. first version of Sickert's "Raising of Lazarus."

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton. State Apartments with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-6, including Sundays.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Twelve new paintings by Ceri Richards; Coronation Lithographs; Extension of exhibition by Quizet. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

"ST. Pancras Painters—Past and Present." A Coronation Year Art Exhibition at the Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1 (opposite St. Pancras Station). Tuesday, May 5 to Saturday May 16. Daily from 12 noon to 8 p.m. (except Sunday). Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. The Sculpture of Giacomo Manzu. Private view, Wednesday, May 6, at 3 o'clock.

EARLY English Landscapes from Colonel Grant's Collection. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Till May 9. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

BALLET Designs from the Collection of John Carr-Doughty. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Till May 9. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., W.C.2 (round corner from Zwemmer's Bookshop). Paintings & Drawings, Jan Le Witt. 9.30-6 inc. Sats.

MATTHIESEN'S: Recent Paintings by Nadia Benois. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until May 9. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by John Christoforou and Gouaches by Norman Town.

LIBERTY of Regent Street invite you to the first Exhibition in England of Paolo Venini's decorative glass and his celebrated Venetian masque figures. 4th floor, Gt. Marlborough Street building. May 1-16.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Portraits by Contemporary British Artists, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Paintings by Lieselott Henderson-Begg. Daily 11-7.

IRVING Gall., Irving St., Leics. Sq. Spring Exhibn. Water Colours. Ends June 6.

STUDIO Emiel, Paintings and sculpture by Emiel Hartman. April 30-May 21. 10-5 p.m. 151a Gloucester Rd., (nr. Tube).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Rodin: Sculptures and Drawings.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibition: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Dly. (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Colour Prints. Dly. 11-6, Sats. inc. Battersea Pleasure Gardens Exhibition. Sending in May 4 and 5. Forms at A.I.A. Also June and July.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London Fabian Society. Mrs. Barbara Wootton: "The Labour Party and the Social Services." Friday, May 1, London School of Economics, 8 p.m.

"FOOD Supplies and Population." Will advances in Medicine cause more misery than they relieve by leading to a quicker rise in population than in food production? Discussion opened by Dr. D. G. Levs and Professor J. B. S. Haldane. Medical Association for Prevention of War Conference, Saturday, May 2, 2 p.m. Convocation Hall, Church House, S.W.1. Open to doctors and members allied professions.

UNIV. of London Philosophical Study Group Lects.: School of Oriental Studies, 5.15 p.m. Tues., May 5, Prof. H. H. Price, The Relationship Between Indian & Western Philosophy. Tues., May 12, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, Buddhism. Tues., May 19, Mr. C. D. Low, Chinese Philosophies.

THE Garibaldi Group meet regularly on Fridays, 7.30 p.m., at the Garibaldi Restaurant, 10 Levstall St., E.C.1 (nr Holborn Hall between Clerkenwell Rd. & Rosebery Av.). May 1: Murray Edghill, The D. C. Thomson dispute. May 8: C. W. Burn, The Anarchist Contribution to Social Science. May 15: Frederick Oughton, Libertarian Communities. May 22: Fred Padbury, Social Credit. May 29: Tom Brown, Understanding America.

FREE Trade, Land Value Taxation, Sound Money, Proportional Representation, Joint Freedom Rally, Trafalgar Square, May 2. Eleven speakers, five non-party organisations. Exceptional interest. Questions invited.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 9 at 6 p.m. Dr. V. E. Fry: "Rilke als Dichter und Uebersetzer."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

KEEP Left For Peace. Special Tribune meeting, at the Princes Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2, Sunday, May 10, 7 p.m. Speakers: Barbara Castle, Dick Crossman and Michael Foot. Chair: J. P. W. Mallalieu. Tkts.: Stalls and Dress Circle 1s., Gallery 6d. from Tribune, 222 Strand, W.C.2. (S.a.e.)

ALL Nations Social Club. "The New Statesman Speaks." Germany To-day: Heinrich Fraenkel (contributor to The New Statesman), Monday, May 4, 8 p.m., at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (off Oxford St., opposite Selfridges). Questions & Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

JOHN Minton will speak on "Contemporary Painters' Intentions" at Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Tues., May 5, 8 p.m. Arranged by Finsbury Art Group. Adm. non-members 2s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Le Corbusier Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures, Tapestry, 1918-1953. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Until May 17. On May 3, 8.30 p.m. Reading: from "In Parenthesis" and "Anathemata," by David Jones. Readers: Valentine Dyall, Carleton Hobbs, Diana Maddox, James McKechnie, Norman Shelley. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. May 7, 8.15 p.m. Exhibition. Discussion: Points of View on Le Corbusier. Speakers: Wells Coates, Reyner Banham, St. John Wilson, Victor Pasmore. Chairman: Leslie Martin.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. A discussion on "A Practical Solution to Anglo-Soviet Agreement?" Mr. Raymond Gower, M.P. (Conservative), Mr. Julius Silverman, M.P. (Labour), Mr. John Platts-Mills, Q.C. Thurs., May 14, 7.45, at The Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

PUBLIC Meeting. The Annual Public Meeting of the National Anti-Vaccination League will be held at Alliance Hall, Caxton Street, Westminster, S.W.1, on Thursday, May 7, 2.30 p.m. Chairman: Dr. Bertrand Allinson. Other speakers: Dr. Gordon Latto, Mr. Edgar Saxon and Miss L. Lind-af-Hageby. All welcome. Questions answered.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Wed., May 6. Professor Bernard Lewis on "Judaism after the Establishment of Israel." Rose Hertz Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 3, Prof. J. C. Flugel, D.Sc., "What is the Will?" Questions after lecture. Admission free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. 7.15 Fri., May 1, Hugh Shayler, "The British Sun Bathing Movement."

RALLY for Freedom, Trafalgar Sq., Sat., May 2, 2.30-7.30. Eleven speakers. Questions invited. Cheap Food League, Free Trade Union, Land Value Taxation League, U.C.T.L.V., The Georgeists.

D. L. MURRAY on "Some Creative Ideas of Theosophy." Chairman: Clude Houghton. Fri., May 8, 8.30 p.m. All welcome. No coll. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

"FAITHS of Commonwealth" Service, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. Thursday, May 14, at 7.30. Participating religious leaders, Dean of St. Paul's, Rabbi Leslie Edgar, Dr. Abdullah, Professor Prasad Shastri, Rev. Arthur Peacock, organised World Congress of Faiths.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30. May 7: "Indian Religion and Philosophy." All welcome. May 14: No lecture.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. May 3: "Our Divine Instructors." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

S. K. DAS: "The Basis of Morality." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, May 3, at 11 a.m.

DR. E. Graham Howe will give his second lecture on vitality at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, May 6, at the Assembly Room, Central Hall, Westminster (Matthew Parker Street entrance). Subject, "I and Me; the Problem of Ourselves." Admission 3s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

OXFORD Conference on the Education of the Young Worker. The fifth conference will be held in Oxford from July 23 to 29, 1953, for representatives of industry, education and administration to face the problems and opportunities of education in an Industrial Society. Fee inclusive of residence: £12. For registration form apply: Secretary to the Conference, 15 Norham Gardens, Oxford.

A POTTERY Course will be run in Bath, July 27-August 7. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Full details from: John Snelly, The Bath Pottery, Barton Buildings, Bath.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY 2816.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin (evening only), mathematics, history, and geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1953-4 begins on September 22, 1953. Evening Classes begin on September 28, 1953. (Enrolment for evening classes September 22, 5-8 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D.ès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Human Relations in Industry, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £150 per session; £110 for two terms; £60 for one. Next session begins October 5, 1953. For further details and information regarding L.E.A. scholarships apply to the Warden. Provision is also made for holding short courses in various subjects within the curriculum, and for the letting of the College to suitable applicants during the summer vacation.

CREATIVE Learning & Teaching. Come to Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, May 29-31, and "learn by doing" with Jeannie Cannon and Caleb Gattegno. Checkendon 221. (For Whitsun, see "Personal.")

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Graduate Courses in (1) Mechanical Engineering, (2) Chemical Engineering, (3) Metallurgy will be given in the Faculty of Science during the session 1953-54. Courses will be open to graduates with industrial experience and will last one year (October-July). Applications and enquiries to: The Registrar, The University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15.

FORTY-five Postal Courses (subjects range from "Public Speaking" and "Labour Journalism" to "Economics" and "Time and Motion Study") are available free to most trade unionists. Others pay modest fees. Send 8d. P.O. for "Education and Power" and "The Trained Mind" to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 69 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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KYNASTON School of Pianoforte, 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19 (WIM. 0168) and West-End studio. Long est. reputation for musical training, Leschetizky technique. Pupils taken all stages. Prosp. & School Magazine "The Keyboard" from Sec. 'Phone or Write.

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PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny, pleasant flat near Baker Street. No classes. Phone: PAD. 6929.

WHITSUN SCHOOLS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Whitsun School, "Changing Africa," May 22-25, at the Eastcliffe Hotel, Walton-on-Naze. Speakers: Lord Lucan, Solly Sachs, N. Henry (Secretary-General of the Committee for Co-operation in African Territories), Cdr. Fox-Pitt. Cost £3 10s. Full details from Anthony Verrier, 2 Falloden Court, Brookland Rise, London, N.W.11.

For Summer Schools see Page 531

More Classified Adverts. on Page 529—531

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